The
SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"WOMAN! HOW DARE YOU TELL THIS INFAMOUS LIE!"

CUT ADRIFT:

OR,

The Tide of Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "SYDNIE ADRIANCE," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Dora led her mother up to her little room and the two sat down together. Already she felt more akin to her than all the long years had made her with Mrs. Denver.

"How pale and faint you look!" Mrs. Walsingham exclaimed, distressed.

"It is nothing. I have been ill and in bitter trouble, but that has passed. Oh, my mother, will you love and care for me when you know all?"

"I know all," was the slow reply, gazing on the wan face with tenderest eyes. "My darling, your very sorrows bring you nearer to me."

It was so sweet to hear this comforting assurance, so delightful to find a heart to take her in unquestioningly.

And then began strange confidences on both sides. Nearly all that was mysterious being cleared away, and they drawing closer together with every word, Dora was greatly surprised, it must be confessed.

"It is so singular that Mrs. Denver did not leave any papers with you, and most of all, that she should not have informed me of her failing health," Mrs. Walsingham remarked.

"I think now that Mrs. Cameron has the papers—for she was with my adopted mother at the last. I remember that Uncle Gilbert could find no trace of any such matter."

"This Mrs. Cameron must have discovered your claim to the Walsingham fortune before that. She was doubtless leagued with her nephew—but I cannot understand his going away, nor his long absence. That he meant to gain the property through you, is evident; or failing in that, force you to pay a high price for your liberty. And but for Stacy's urgent entreaties, I should not have taken one step. I had no very ardent desires to revisit America."

A brother, too, a fond and loyal brother, glad to find her and restore her to her birthright! It all seemed like a happy dream to Dora.

Catherine came up at length.

"Bairn," she asked, in a low tone, "are you done with your talk? For there's dinner on the table, if it will do for your grand folk, and the gentlemen are waiting."

She stood abashed, for it seemed now as if there was a wide gulf between her and her dear Miss Dora.

"Mamma," Dora said, seizing her hand, "I want you to love Catherine for my sake. When the rest of the world would have cast me out and thrown me upon the protection of that man—" and Dora shivered—"it was this good friend who took me in and kept me alive, when I must have died or gone crazy with anguish. She cared for me like the tenderest of mothers. Oh, Catherine, how shall I ever thank you!"

Catherine Dawson wiped her eyes with her clean apron.

"To see you happy again"—and she broke down with a little sob.

"I am going to be happy." And a bright look came in Dora's eyes. Then she rose and brushed out her shining hair, arraying herself in a soft, white dress, with a knot of blue ribbon at the throat. In spite of traces of recent illness she looked positively lovely, and Mrs. Walsingham took a pardonable pride in her child.

Dora impressed Mr. Eastman most favorably, and enlisted his warmest sympathies. Stacy was seized with a young man's shyness, but he was delighted to see his mother so perfectly happy.

Simple as the dinner was, Catherine served it to a charm. To see Dora so much like her olden self was supremest satisfaction.

Afterward Mrs. Walsingham and the lawyer held a somewhat lengthy conference. The papers in Jasper Cameron's possession were not absolutely necessary, still it would be well to have them. The matter of the fortune would be settled at the earliest possible day.

"I think Mrs. Tremaine can find a way to rid herself of Mr. Cameron's claim," Eastman said. "Anything in my power will be cheerfully done, assure her of that."

The lawyer left them, glad to have so nearly unravelled one tangled web. And Stacy, feeling that they might rather be alone, accompanied him, promising to be back by the time all arrangements were made.

Mrs. Walsingham and her daughter resigned themselves to another confidence which took in some plans of their future life. Stacy had already decided to remain in the land of his birth. Having a great fondness for drawing and architectural pursuits, he hoped to establish himself with some older person, for he had no special fondness for an idle life, and the fortune was not so large that he could indulge in unlimited ease, especially now that it must be divided.

"But do you think he will be entirely satisfied, mamma?" asked Dora. "I have a little of my own, you know."

"My child, never give this a thought. Stacy is nobleness itself. Why, he would have me live like a queen, when by the terms of the will I am debarred from anything, except by the generosity of my children," and the little woman gave a pleased laugh as if she felt quite secure in this respect. "He would share his last dollar with you gladly. No, never hint to him that it might be a sacrifice. But, my child, I hope to see you restored to a more perfect happiness than any we can give."

Dora colored under her mother's sharp scrutiny. She had relinquished all hope of happiness in such a positive and final manner, that Mr. Tremaine seemed like a person quite out of her sphere.

"Mr. Eastman is very confident that the matter can be settled without much difficulty," Mrs. Walsingham pursued. "And Stacy will spare no expense to save you from the clutch of that villain!"

"Mamma," Dora said, a little wearily, "I shall be glad and thankful for freedom. But that is all. I have deceived Mr. Tremaine—and in his surprise and disappointment he has ceased to esteem and love me. He has said by his deeds that we could be nothing to each other."

"But he did not know—"

"Yes, he understood nearly all. And there are some things, mamma, that I should be slow to forgive. I will not be thrust upon him! I went to him once, and he almost spurned me. So let that rest. You will have me always, if you care for me—so pity me a little. And he said—if there had been a child—he would have taken it. Since I have come back to you, I feel how terrible it would be to give up a child that I loved, that was my very own!"

"Hush, dear," her mother said, soothingly. "It shall all be as you wish."

For Dora's face flushed and paled in her excitement, and her voice trembled violently.

She decided for the present to remain with Catherine Dawson. Stacy and Mrs. Walsingham would fain have persuaded her to accompany them to their hotel, but she hardly felt strong enough for the effort.

"She'll be best where she is," said Catherine. "After a good night's rest you will see her improved, poor bairn."

Mrs. Walsingham could hardly endure the thought of parting with her new-found treasure—but Dora shrank so keenly from anything like publicity, and she felt more secure here with Mark and Catherine. So the two women bade each other a tearful adieu; and Dora watched as the carriage rolled away. It seemed to her then that she was too much exhausted to sit up another instant.

The interruptions of the day were not yet over. Ten minutes later Jasper Cameron called. He did not seem in the best of humors and inclined to be insolent, insisting upon an interview with Dora.

"You can't see her now," was the resolute answer. "She's not fit to be out of the bed."

"Did she go to drive to-day?"

"That she did not." Catherine felt that it was best to make Dora as ill as possible.

"Did she have any visitors?" and he looked sharply at the woman.

"Visitors indeed! Who would she have save you and the doctor, now? You'll excuse me for not holding further parley," for the physician was walking up the path.

As she went in with Doctor Mackey, she closed the door, glad of the relief. Cameron muttered an oath to himself. Somehow the luck had been bad to-day. He had missed Mrs. Walsingham, and then when an idea had entered his mind that they might have applied to Mr. Tremaine, he had sought that gentleman also, but been unable to gain an interview. Then he had posted up to Mrs. Dawson's.

"They can't have found her," he ruminated, "for they would never have left her in that old shanty, heir to a fortune. I'll make one more effort to see Mrs. Walsingham, for money I must have."

He had left word that he would call again at eight o'clock. This time he was ushered into a private parlor, and the lady soon made her appearance.

"Mr. Cameron," she said in her polite manner, and there was a true flavor of the Parisian about her, "I have been relating your strange story to my lawyer. It is so very singular that he desires to see you, and I have given him permission to treat with you as he thinks best. I am sorry that you should have the trouble of calling twice."

He studied her attentively. She was not so at ease or so indifferent yesterday.

"I prefer to treat with you, madam," he returned in a resolute tone. "I am the only person who has these proofs, and if I chose to embarrass your legal proceedings I could do so very easily. But I desire to be honorable. I could also claim your daughter as my wife, yet if I find you willing to deal fairly, I will give you very little trouble. For a proper consideration I will even promise to leave the country."

"You will make your bargain with Mr. Eastman, Mr. Cameron."

Her superb ease maddened him. Was there some plot between the two?

"I beg leave to reply that I shall not. Either you pay me my price, or I shall take your daughter into my keeping immediately."

Mrs. Walsingham winced at this. Truth to tell his heart would have exulted had he known how thoroughly frightened she was. But she kept a brave and steady front.

"Mr. Cameron," she said, "I have not money enough at this moment to buy your secret, for you doubtless rate your knowledge high. We must wait until to-morrow, therefore."

"You can give me a check. Five thousand will settle the matter now—to-morrow I may have a new price."

"I cannot even do that," and she showed her pearly teeth with a most provoking smile.

He could have strangled her upon the spot.

"Then you dare my worst?"

There was a gleam in the eyes that almost unnerved her—so fierce and vindictive, so perfectly unscrupulous.

"No, Mr. Cameron, I do not," she answered in a frightened tone, "but I cannot act in this matter without advice. If you will call to-morrow."

"Will you promise to give me my price?"

It was a desperate strait. Mr. Eastman had said—"Temporize." How was she to do it?

"I have been unusually busy all day, and find myself quite unable to reason the point with you. Will you call to-morrow morning?"

When he found that she stopped resolutely at this, he saw that he must wait with the best grace possible, which was poor enough. Some new developments had certainly placed her upon her guard, or Eastman had warned her that the whole affair might prove a deception. However he would make another bold move.

"I suppose it *is* difficult to believe your daughter still alive?" he said in one of those slow, questioning tones.

She was a match for him there. Her stage life had given her a wonderful control of her features.

"Yes," she answered, "after having her death so well authenticated. Indeed, Mr. Cameron, I have hardly known what step to take in the matter. Men always seem to manage these things so much better than women. They are not so easily excited."

Mrs. Walsingham smiled very sweetly, albeit with a rather nervous gesture.

"I wish you to consider it yourself. If you will give me five thousand dollars I will bring your daughter to you, and all necessary proofs. I will promise to make no difficulty about her obtaining her freedom. It *is* a generous offer, for I could cause you a great deal of trouble and publicity."

Glancing into those pitiless eyes, she did not question it.

"I will consult my son," she replied. "You shall have our decision to-morrow at ten."

Jasper Cameron still felt dissatisfied. He could find no further excuse for prolonging the conversation, so he reluctantly withdrew. Were they really afraid of another claimant for their fortune? Mrs. Walsingham he concluded had *not* seen her daughter. Colby did not have her address, and Mr. Tremaine had been absent from the city.

A desperate plan rushed into his mind. He might go to Mrs. Dawson's, and by force or fraud gain possession of Dora. Why had he not thought of this earlier in the day? He was not wont to allow the main chance to slip by, but he felt now as if this would have been the winning card. Dora was safe for the present, for this night, perhaps, but if she could be conveyed to his aunt's—kept a prisoner there until *they* offered a sufficient ransom for her—why he might still come off with flying colors. It was stupid not to have taken this step before. He might manage Dora very easily by telling this story about her mother—yes, it should be done before he met the Walsinghams again. And now Jasper Cameron was sufficiently elated to whistle a soft stave to himself and light his cigar. Success would surely smile upon him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

UNMASKED.

"Stacy," Mrs. Walsingham said to her son as soon as her troublesome visitor had departed; "Stacy, we have not a moment to lose! I feel that our darling Dora is in danger. Why did we leave her in that lonely place with no protector but those two elderly persons who might be persuaded into some imprudent step by this wily villain? I must see Mr. Eastman immediately."

"But he has left his office—"

"We have his address, and now I think it cannot be very far from the place where Dora is staying. Come, let us go at once."

Stacy saw by his mother's face that it would be useless to dissuade. It was hardly nine yet, and the summer evening very pleasant, so a carriage was ordered immediately.

Mr. Eastman was much surprised to see them. At first he laughed a little at the lady's fears.

"But I feel that the man is such an unscrupulous villain! Remember the character that Mr. Colby gave him. What if he should gain possession of Dora? No, I shall not have a comfortable moment until I once more hold her in my arms. Oh, why did I not take her home with me?"

"He does not suspect that you have seen her?"

"No, I feel quite certain that he does not; but he threatens some terrible things, Mr. Eastman. He is her husband, it seems, and I tremble at his power."

"It appears to me that it will be hardly wise to take her to your hotel, as it may lead to an unpleasant and rather public scene. The law will back this man in nothing. Compose yourself."

"If he once gets her into his power she will die. You can hardly think how she fears him. And if, to-morrow morning, he should take her away—"

"My dear Mrs. Walsingham, I fancy you are exaggerating danger. Still, it might be prudent for your son to spend the night with the Dawsons as a kind of guard. In the morning it will be better to bring Mrs. Tremaine here, and keep her residence a secret until we have despatched this Mr. Cameron's claims."

Mrs. Walsingham agreed to this finally, and accepted an invitation to pass the night with the Eastmans, as in Mrs. Tremaine's state of health it was considered hardly judicious to subject her to another alarm at this late hour. Stacy acceded to his mother's request, and found his way to the little cottage. The inmates were already in bed, for not a light was visible. Remembering that Dora's room was at the front, he followed a walk that led around to the kitchen door, where he tapped lightly. Mark Dawson answered the summons.

Stacy Walsingham told his story briefly, and Catherine came to identify him.

"Don't put yourself to any trouble, I beg, Mrs. Dawson," he said when she had ushered him in. "Just give me a pillow on the sofa, and I shall rest well enough. I am sorry to put you to all this extra care, but my mother would not be satisfied unless I came."

"There's brighter days in store for the poor child," Catherine exclaimed with a sigh of relief.

Dora had been sleeping so soundly that she heard nothing of the disturbance until the next morning. Something in this tender watchfulness of her mother touched her inexpressibly, and recalled the time, how far off it seemed! when another had cared for her hourly.

Stacy begged an interview with her and explained their plans, and his mother's earnest desire that Dora should be placed quite out of the reach of Jasper Cameron. And Dora was more than thankful to accept.

"Though it seems so strange to go away from you, Catherine," she said. "How good you were to me when no other refuge offered! I don't know how I could have lived through that dreary time but for you."

"God watches over us all, bairn. I knew there would be some way out to the light."

Dora packed a few articles and drank a cup of coffee. It was barely eight when the carriage came for her, and from the window she saw her mother's sweet but anxious face.

"It is best that you should not know her place of residence," Mr. Eastman said to Mrs. Dawson. "To all inquirers you can answer simply that her mother took her away."

Catherine stood for many moments on the porch, breathing long draughts of fragrant air. What a strange, tangled web it had all been! Then she remembered the day that Dora had fainted in her arms on this very threshold. If only Mr. Tremaine— and Catherine paused here. There was something between this husband and wife higher and finer than human laws took cognizance of. Truth and honor, the fidelity above that of mere deed.

"But he might forgive!" she cried in her heart, raising her eyes to heaven.

She had closed the door and just reached the kitchen when she was startled by a loud, important knock. To her surprise there stood Jasper Cameron, with a carriage in waiting.

"An early call," he announced with his half insolent ease, "but it is upon the most urgent business. Will you ask my wife to grant me an interview of five minutes? I have some most remarkable tidings for her."

"Mrs. Dora Tremaine is not here," Catherine replied stiffly.

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"My good woman, this is no time for trifling. If you desire your friend's comfort and advancement, you will produce her immediately. It will not do to defy authority at present," and he gave a glance at the carriage which held an occupant.

"Mrs. Tremaine left half an hour ago with her mother and brother. They were here yesterday."

If a thunderbolt had shivered the ground at Jasper Cameron's feet, he could hardly have been more astounded. His face grew livid with rage and his eyes seemed literally balls of flame. He caught Catherine roughly by the arm.

"Woman!" he shouted, "how dare you tell this infamous lie! It is some base plan of hers and yours to elude me; but I swear that she shall not escape. Confess, miserable creature! Where is she hidden?"

"Search the house, if you please," Catherine answered indignantly, shaking him off.

"Tell me where she went? You shall rue this, wretch that you are!"

"Mr. Cameron, I will call in the neighbors to protect me from insult! I have told you all I know."

"Oh, it's hardly likely your dear friend would reward you in this manner for your tender care," he said sneeringly. "To go off to grandeur and not so much as announce her residence! The thing is impossible for a nature so tender and grateful as Mrs. Tremaine possesses."

"Still, she may have had very good reasons," Catherine replied with a spice of satisfaction.

"My good woman, if money is any object—"

"Jasper Cameron, I despise both you and your money! Your villainous schemes have been brought to light. It was Dora Tremaine's fortune that you wanted, and you have ruined her health and happiness in prosecuting your selfish plans. I am glad she is out of your reach, safe in the hands of her friends. Your power is at an end."

"You will see," he said, hoarse with passion. "She shall repent this morning's work. Fool that I was to trust her word! She has deceived one man already!"

Catherine closed the door and went back to her work, giving thanks for Dora's narrow escape. Jasper Cameron swore furiously. He had been outwitted after all, lost the great stake for which he had striven so desperately. But the contest was hardly over. Dora Tremaine's name should ring from one end of the city to the other.

And now he considered his next step seriously. Mrs. Walsingham had no doubt taken Dora to the hotel at once. Why not go there and have a grand denouement? If they did not want the scandal, then let them buy his silence. He was desperate enough to dare anything.

They had doubtless learned all the facts from Colby. He ground his teeth in impotent rage. He had not the slightest hold over the lawyer, that he knew well. Why had he not made him sign some paper, commit himself in a tangible manner. And if he told his story now, Colby would likely deny the whole affair. He had position and friends, while Jasper Cameron was—unknown to say the least. No, he could not punish this treacherous, plausible sneak, who would sail in under fair colors and have his reward.

The hour for his appointment was at hand, and he meant to play to the very last card. He was shown into Mrs. Walsingham's parlor as before, and took a hasty survey of all the forces he meant to marshal.

The door opened. Mrs. Walsingham entered with a grave, but rather triumphant face, and two gentlemen followed her.

"My son, Mr. Walsingham," she announced, "and my lawyer, Mr. Eastman."

Cameron gave a gasp, while his eyes darkened and his brow flushed slightly. It promised a hard fight.

Mr. Eastman opened the case in a very judicial manner. He stated Jasper Cameron's side very fairly, but his testimony to the point would be of very little account, as Mrs. Walsingham had already discovered her daughter, and the evidence was sufficiently strong to establish her identity. And though they would prefer having the papers stolen by Mrs. Cameron from the dead body of her neighbor, Mrs. Denver, they were not worth any exorbitant sum, and quite valueless to any other person now. Mr. Cameron could act as he pleased about their return. The matter was of small moment.

Jasper Cameron could have ground them all to atoms. Foiled on every step! His face grew frightfully white with passion.

"I suppose you will even deny that your daughter is my wife?" he said, haughtily, the words choking in his throat.

"Unfortunately we cannot do that. It would appear on the evidence that there was some collusion between your aunt and yourself—doubtless you knew even then that she was heir to this fortune. I have been instructed, by Mrs. Tremaine, to inform you that she intends to apply for a divorce immediately."

"Which she shall never have!" Cameron hissed, in rage. "I am her lawful husband, and my claim shall not be set aside by any villainous fraud. I love her. I am not only willing, but desirous to take her and provide for her support this very hour. She has been basely deceived. You shall produce her; or by heaven, every law in the land shall be appealed to!"

"And yet it was your own proposal to Mrs. Walsingham that she should purchase the freedom of this beloved wife from her devoted husband," Mr. Eastman replied, with a cutting blandness.

"Because I knew you were all leagued against me, and that poverty stood no chance before wealth. This is your boasted justice—you who uphold the law! To rob a man of his lawful wife—"

"Mr. Cameron, we can spare this extravagant rhetoric. The truth is simply this. After hearing of your death, and waiting five years for some sign, if you were still alive, Dora Walsingham married again. Your conduct since your return, has led her to both fear and despise you. The commonest separation that the law can give will prove a blessing to her. But these years of silence and absence are strong evidence against you. A man does not usually desert the woman whom he loves, especially if she be a fair young wife."

"I am not answerable for failing letters!" he said, sullenly. "I wrote often."

"Here is a fact that seemed to disprove that, Mr. Cameron. Your aunt knew of your wife's abode, as the reputed niece of Gilbert Verner. If you had been so very anxious, you would have addressed letters under cover to her, or sought through her to obtain tidings of this cherished wife. I tell you, in all honesty, that your case, argued at its best, would move neither judge nor juror."

Jasper Cameron felt that his cause was hopeless. Sifted to the bottom every circumstance would go against him. He might as well throw up his hand at once.

"Since you are so well fortified upon every point, it is a waste of words to argue the matter further," he said, with an insolent smile, rising as he spoke. "You may find that I have some power still left, though I have no money with which to purchase justice."

He dropped his chin gracefully and gave a desponding glance around.

"Since you have doubtless been to some trouble and expense, Mr. Cameron, and alude so feelingly to your straitened circumstances—if you will promise to leave the city and make no further disturbance, I am empowered by Mrs. Walsingham to offer you a thousand dollars. It will pay your traveling expenses to some distance."

Jasper Cameron cast upon the group a look of tragic scorn.

"If I had won the fortune," he returned, loftily, "I should have been more generous to a fallen foe."

"As you like," Mr. Eastman said briefly. But as Cameron passed him he held up the check, and the man's love of money triumphed over any feeling of momentary shame.

"Dora will never know how I have loved her! You are leagued against me, and in this evil land gold can always win its way;" and Jasper Cameron held up his head with the air of a martyr.

"If you choose to send the papers, you can direct them to me," Mr. Eastman said.

"I shall *not* choose," was the haughty reply.

Mrs. Walsingham sprang up.

"Hush!" the lawyer commanded. "In a week he will offer them to me for five hundred. And if they never come, it can hardly injure our cause. Let us congratulate ourselves that we are so well rid of him."

If Jasper Cameron could have called down any maledictions on the heads of those he had left behind, scarcely a fragment would have been left to show that they had once existed. But he was impotent to injure.

Except for one cruel thought that entered his mind. Dora he could still stab. She might enjoy her fortune, but there should be a wide breach between her and the man she loved. So he went directly to Mr. Tremaine's place of business.

Ralph Tremaine was in his office, alone. He glanced up with a perceptible shiver when he saw his visitor.

"I scarcely hope to be welcome," Cameron began in his blandest tones, "but we thought it best that you should be informed of our resolve. Dora—"

Tremaine experienced an intense desire to fell his enemy to the floor at a blow. Cameron saw his anguish and gloated at it.

"Dora has generously consented to forgive the past. To-day we are going out of the city for a short time, and I trust our new life will never know one shadow."

Tremaine groaned.

"Believe me that Dora regrets deeply the unhappiness that she has caused you. Her uncle, Mr. Verner, over-persuaded her to the step, or she would never have taken it, as she had not succeeded in entirely forgetting me. I knew the first day on which I met her, that time would renew our love and make it fonder than it had ever been. You will not bear anger against her? It was a sad mistake."

"Go," Tremaine whispered, hoarsely. "I wish her no evil—but it is best that we should never meet again."

"Farewell!" Cameron answered, gently, and walked away with his jaunty, self-sufficient step.

"Poor fool!" was his mental ejaculation. He rather liked dealing with those strictly honorable, high-minded people, they were not astute and suspicious like Eastman. And he knew well that Dora would never take the first step toward a reconciliation. In spite of her good fortune, there would be a worm forever gnawing at her heart. Yes, she would feel his power there!

Tremaine leaned his forehead on his hand, dropping into deep and painful thought. He had not expected the final result so soon; and somehow it seemed now as if he had not believed this ending possible. Yet it *was* very natural. Gilbert Verner *had* been anxious for the marriage, and Dora had told him then that she was not in love with him. If she had been equally frank in other matters! And so a word or a kiss had reawakened the old regard.

Had her jealous suspicion of Edith led to her decision? It was so utterly without foundation that he could smile over it. And yet, if he had been different that night, softer in speech, tenderer in mood! Her unjust accusation had roused a feeling of bitterness in him, given him strength to put her away until her hour of repentance came. But had he been altogether right? Was there not something more glorious than justice? meek-eyed mercy!

No, he could not accept this conclusion. Mechanically he rose, took down his hat and walked out to the car. One stood in waiting. It seemed as if the horses crawled every step of the way, but at last he was there. How odd the place appeared. He touched the great old-fashioned knocker, and then he asked himself what he would say to Dora—another man's wife!

Catherine answered. In her surprise she held up both hands and ejaculated—

"Mr. Tremaine!"

"Dora?—" His colorless lips trembled, and his fingers nervously caught at each other.

"She went away this morning. It's a long story. Won't you come in, Mr. Tremaine?"

Too late! The whole world seemed mingling into chaos again. He raised his hand to his head and stared vacantly.

"Yes, she went away with—"

"I know," he interrupted. "I heard the story an hour ago. I hope she may be happy. Catherine," lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "some day I shall come up to talk about *her*, but not now. Yes, I hope she may be happy."

Then he walked away in a dazed, uncertain manner. "He looks quite like an old man," Catherine thought, and her heart unconsciously softened towards him.

As he went back he was digesting a half-formed plan in his mind. He could make a very good business excuse and go to Europe. He wanted a little rest, and most of all, change of scene. Yes, he would do it.

So that night he announced to his aunt and Edith that he should sail on Saturday.

"I've not been much company," he said with a sad smile, "so you'll hardly miss me. I want you both to remain here, for I shall be back in a month."

Mrs. Lester made a faint demur.

"Indeed, aunt, you must. I think I shall never let you leave me, or Edith either," his eyes wandering over to the beautiful woman.

"But it seems that we fail to render you content," she said in her slow, soft tone.

"I hope to come to that grace by-and-by. Content."

He sauntered to the window, his hands crossed droopingly at his back. Content without Dora! How hard it was!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

English and American Women.

Dr. Holland ("Timothy Titcomb") writes from England to the Springfield Republican:

"I confess to a little disappointment in the Englishman physically. No American, passing through the streets of London, would imagine that he was among a people superior, physically, to his own. I speak only of the men. The English woman is larger and stronger than her American sister, but I am yet to be convinced of the physical superiority of the Englishman to the American. * * * I have the authority of a competent and candid English woman for the statement that the American woman is the handsomer. There can be no question, I think, that the average American girl is more beautiful than her cousin across the water. She has greater delicacy of feature, and generally a finer make-up. She matures earlier, and, it is quite likely, fades sooner, but the fact that she is prettier is not to be disputed. The girl here is, also, under the usages of English society, a suppressed creature, without the freedom that favors vivacity. The American girl is perfectly at home in society before the English girl sees society at all, or has ever been permitted to escape the eye of her governess or her mother.

"The American girl may be much too forward, but I am sure that the English girl suffers by too great bondage. Female education in the two countries differs greatly, and, singular as it may seem, the education of the English girl is more showy than that of the American. As a general thing, the English girl knows little or nothing of mathematics and the natural sciences. These branches in America absorb a great deal of times, as you know; and you will find multitudes of American girls who are adepts in them. That, in the education of the English girl, which strikes an American, is their knowledge of language, of literature, of music and of drawing. Everything which contributes to show in society is acquired by the English girl. I cannot recall among my English travelling acquaintances a lady who could not speak French, and several of them have spoken French, Italian and German with entire facility. With these languages at command, with a wide acquaintance with history and *belles lettres*, and with the accomplishments of sketching and playing the piano, it must be acknowledged that the English girl shows for all that she is, and that for social purposes her acquisitions are greatly superior to those of the American girl."

☞ A promising young shaver of five or six years was reading his lesson at school, one day, in that deliberate manner for which urchins of that age are somewhat remarkable. As he proceeded with the task he came upon the passage, "Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from guile." Master Hopeful drawled out, "Keep—thy—tongue—from—evil—and—thy—lips—from—girls."

☞ Rev. Mr. Ross is an Episcopal clergyman of Indiana, who has been tried before an ecclesiastical court, and sentenced to be admonished by the bishop for having gone to see the Black Crook.

☞ An artificial sponge, made by filling India-rubber, in a fluid state, with bubbles of gas, and allowing it to harden, has just been introduced in England and this country.

☞ A Nashville druggist has invented a rat-paint made of a preparation of phosphorous. You first catch a rat and paint him. After dark he looks like a ball of fire, and going among his fellow rats, they become frightened and vacate the premises, the phosphorescent rat following of course and hurrying up the rear.

☞ John Clark, a Texan millionaire, died recently without leaving a will, and his immense estate was sold for the benefit of the state treasury, there being no known heirs. Several parties are now attempting to prove that they are his heirs.

☞ English coach builders are beginning to announce that they are prepared to build light carriages on wheels imported from America. They seem to have discovered at last that the Americans are half a century ahead of them in the matter of carriage building.

☞ A young editor being reproved by an old lady for kissing her daughter and requesting an "exchange," innocently replied that he had no idea of transcending the "liberties of the press."

☞ A Western paper says that pretty girls are great blessings, but they cause a great deal of folly among the sterner sex.

☞ Slanders issuing from red and beautiful lips are like spiders crawling from the heart of a rose.

☞ Adelina Patti is making such a stir in the Russian capital, that it is not improbable that it will be re-christened St. Pattiburgh.

☞ Ruby Valley, in Nevada, is is called on account of the immense number of rubies found in the sands of the mountain streams flowing through it. These gems, though very beautiful and perfect, are too small to be merchantable, the largest only being the size of a pin-head.

☞ It is related of a prominent man of Mexico, well known in railroad matters, Mr. E——, that he narrowly escaped shipwreck off the coast of Scotland, by promising the Virgin $10,000; but when once on solid land, repented of this rash vow and visited the priests to see if he could not make better arrangements. The matter was finally settled by his paying seven thousand five hundred dollars, and receiving of the priest a receipt for ten thousand, thus cheating the Virgin out of twenty-five hundred dollars.

☞ Mrs. General Washington.—"As Mrs. Washington was said to be so grand a lady," says a celebrated English writer, (Mrs. Thorpe) "we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands; so we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and was introduced to her ladyship; and don't you think we found her knitting, and with her check apron on! She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and sitting in state, but General Washington's lady, with her own hands, was knitting stockings for her husband."

☞ What is the only thing taken from you before you get it? Your picture.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1869.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of six cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 20 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price—cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of The Post and the Lady's Friend.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.
BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

The Red Court Farm.
By MRS. WOOD, Author of "East Lynne."

A New Novelet
BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A Family Failing.
BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," &c.

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for this year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

When it is considered that the yearly terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received. And our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs. If any of our readers has a friend who he thinks would like to take the paper, send us the address, and we will send him or her a specimen.

LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.

Many of our readers have probably used this preparation, either home-made or purchased, (we have tried both,) and are uncertain how high to rank it as nutritive food. We might fancy that the whole good of the meat was secured, because when it is minced fine, mixed with its weight of cold water and boiled for twenty minutes, the solid residue left after straining, is so utterly worthless; but this is proved not to be the case. The extract is good for the rapid preparation of gravies, soups, &c., but is not to be regarded as a food so much as a stimulant, enabling the patient to feel and use what strength he has, but not giving him any. Its value as a mode of utilizing the surplus meat of the Antipodes, is probably exaggerated. The question is being fairly tried on a gigantic scale in South America, where the largest kitchen in the world is established and occupied exclusively in preparing this extract. We quote the following from *Once a Week*. The writer, after showing that creatine, the most important of the soluble constituents of the flesh, exists in larger proportions in fish and poultry than in beef, examines the value of the extract as an article of diet, and then writes as follows:—

"Having thus stated what *are* the constituents of the extract, it may be expedient to ascertain what ingredients of flesh *are not* present in it. The two chief flesh-forming elements of food, albumen and fibrin, the heat-yielding element, fat, and the membraneous, tendon-forming food, represented in ordinary soup by gelatine, are all absent, besides other substances of less importance, as coloring matter, &c.; so that the most nourishing components of the flesh are utterly lost; and it is difficult to believe that the crystallisable substances, such as creatine and creatinine, which are known to be natural products of the disintegration and decomposition of the tissues, and which, like urea, occur in the renal excretion (by which the *débris* of the muscular and other tissues is eliminated from our bodies,) can serve to build up and construct these very structures from which they arise. That the solution of the extract which contains these substances produces a stimulating restorative feeling is undeniable, and it is probable that the creatine may act much the same as the alkaloid *theine*, which occurs in tea, coffee, mate (or Paraguay tea) &c., namely, in stimulating the nervous system, and possibly checking the too rapid disintegration of the tissues. To make the extract a really serviceable food, we must add to its solution vegetables rich in albuminous matter, as peas or beans, or other substances containing an abundance of nitrogen, as wheaten flour."

THE ODD FELLOWS.

The Odd Fellows had a handsome semi-centennial celebration—it being estimated that about twenty thousand men were in the procession, which occupied over two hours in passing. Our streets were thronged with citizens and strangers.

THE DANDY.

A correspondent, "W. P. F.," sends us the following. We think he is needlessly "hard on the race of Dandies." We should s[illegible]ly on the Hon[illegible]

loading Eastern papers, for some [illegible] than *all doubtless*. Therefore, I send you another, to which you will please give two insertions, and for which you will find enclosed a draft for amount at your regular rates—20 cents first insertion, 10 cents second.

TRUTH AND POETRY.

A subscriber sends us the following verses. *We* think the sentiments, especially, very admirable.

The Saturday Evening Post.

There's a friend that I hail, the dearest and best,
That goest to the North, to the South, and the West;
Who numbers his friends by the thousands—a host;
That friend, my dear reader, is the old Evening Post.

How oft of a Sabbath, when lonely and sad—
When children were cross, and the weather was bad,
And I had all my patience very near lost,
Has come to the rescue, the dear Evening Post.

It drives away fidgets—it drives away blues—
When I get the loved paper and read all the news;
I think, on life's journey, the friends we most need
Are something to do, and something to read.

I wish you a prosperous future, a host
Of subscribers and friends for the old Evening Post.
May prosperity for ever and ever attend
What has proven to me such a very dear friend.

I tell all my neighbors to send on and take it—
If this they do once, they will never forsake it;
And if they are lonely, 'tis just what they need—
That best of all papers, to sit down and read.

M. A. H.

THE FOXGLOVE.—This flower is called by the Welsh *Menyg Ellylon*, or Elves' Gloves, and it is generally believed that our name has been misspelled out of the same signification, Folks' Gloves.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. For May. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. For May. Published by W. W. Hall, New York.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. For May. Published by Miller, Wood & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. For May. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE OLD GUARD. A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Literature, Science and Art, and the Political Principles of 1776 and 1860. For May. Published by Van Evrie, Horton & Co., New York.

☞ Miss Anna Williams, of Braddock's Field, Tenn., aged fifty-six, is so annoyed by the devotion of a boy of seventeen years, who is madly in love with her, that she is obliged to call for official protection.

☞ A scientific gentleman at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, whose wife had been out of health for several years, analyzed the tea she drank and found that the coloring material was gypsum and Prussian blue.

The Arabs of the Middle Ages.

The industrious Arabs revived those useful arts which the barbarians of Europe seemed anxious to forget. They wove the richest fabrics of wool, cotton, or silk; they manufactured cloth of and carpets of unequalled splendor; their divans were covered with satin cushions and velvet hangings; and muslins and lace of fairy-like texture adorned the Moslem bride. In metals the Arabs were also excellent workmen. They forged huge chains and bars of iron; the steel of Damascus was renowned in the cities of Europe. Their jewelry was the fairest and costliest of the age; they lavished gold and silver in decorating their mosques and their palaces; and their mints produced a coinage that was the model of the European world. As architects they invented a strangely graceful style of building, in which the fancy of the artist seemed to revel in new creations, and of which the lovely ruins of the Alhambra form a living example; in their private houses they gathered the richest marbles, the costliest mosaics, fountains of dancing waters, and gardens of perpetual beauty.

The Arab workman was usually temperate almost to austerity. Mohammed had enforced the doctrine of total abstinence with a rigor unsurpassed by the most austere of modern reformers. He denounced temporal and eternal woes against the Mussulman who should touch the accursed wine. He had himself set an example of perfect abstinence, and in their purer age his followers obeyed the precept of their prophet. It was only in the decline of the nation that the Mohammedans learned to imitate the drunkenness and license of the Europeans. Temperate in their diet, frugal in their mode of life, the Arabs possessed sound intellects in sound bodies; they soon began to display an intellectual vigor that raised them to the front of civilization. They eagerly sought for knowledge amidst the ruins of Grecian literature, and the poets and philosophers of Athens and of Rome were translated for the benefit of the students of Bagdad and Cordova. The colleges and schools of the Arab cities were thronged with attentive scholars when the great nobles of France and England could neither read nor write; they produced eminent poets and graceful writers while Europe had neither a literature nor a language; their libraries numbered thousands of volumes when Oxford possessed only a few imperfect manuscripts chained to the walls; and the poorest merchant of Bagdad lived with more comfort and was far better informed than the proud knight who came at the head of his barbarous squadrons to die on the burning plains of Syria in an ineffectual crusade.—*Eugene Lawrence, in Harper's Magazine.*

☞ At one of Dickens's recent readings in St. James' Hall, London, the noise made by the late comers was so great that he stopped, and leaned silently on his desk for ten minutes, the galleries meantime reviling each new comer with shouts of "Snob," "Cad," "Why don't you put up the shutters earlier?"

☞ An exchange gives *one hundred and twenty* ways of spelling the word "scissoes," any one of which is reasonable enough as our language goes. This fact may comfort boys and girls who find little help in learning to spell from the pronunciation of English words.

☞ All letters for California will in the future be sent overland, unless marked to go by steamer.

☞ "My son," said an anxious father, "what makes you use that nasty tobacco?" The boy, declining to consider the question in the spirit in which it was asked, replied, "To get the juice."

☞ A rustic, describing Louisville, said the finest residence there belonged to Mr. M. E. Church, whose name was cut in big letters over the door, and there was a sharp-pointed chimney on the house, two hundred feet high.

☞ The New Orleans Times says that Captain Pitfield, of the steamer Mexico, when off Tortugas, on his last trip steamed for two hours and a-half through a tangled mass of snakes of all sizes and colors. Where these myriads of snakes came from, and whither bound, are questions for the scientific to answer. But Captain Pitfield is not the first man who has seen snakes.

☞ Apropos of the anecdote of the dog who amused himself by coasting down hill, a contemporary mentions a cat, one year old, that every morning wipes his paws upon the hall mat before entering his mistress's bedroom. If his feet leave a mark on the white coverlet of the bed, he is told of the fact, and again resorts, to the mat, and then if not satisfied that his paws are clean, he dries them by the stove.

☞ The bodies of two persons murdered recently in Lebanon, Indiana, were exhumed last week and subjected to a *post mortem* examination. The crowd present, numbering about two hundred, appointed eight judges, who sat on one side of the table in the church, where the examination was made. The crowd marched singly past, each one being required to touch the bodies, the idea being, that when the guilty one touched, the blood would flow afresh from the wounds. The judges pronounced the guilty one not present.

☞ Cleveland has a woman who, in addition to previous exploits, has married seven times in eight years. Two of her husbands are dead, and the other five, from four of whom she was divorced, still live. Her daughter, now seventeen, has been twice married and twice divorced, and is ready to try it again.

☞ A sermon recently delivered in Readwell, Pa., was from a text which the preacher found in Job, which runs as follows:—"Though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God." This he divided into three parts, as follows:—"1st, Fust, skin worms; 2d. What they done; 3d. What the man seen after he was eat up!"

☞ The plain doctrine of integrity, said Mr. Emerson in his lecture, was rarely found purely practiced now-a-days. It is easy to pick out plain men, brilliant men, geniuses, martyrs; but integrity is rare. The gods approve the depth, and not the tumult of the soul.

☞ Wonderful is the progress of the age! St. Charles, Minnesota, has a precocious infant who has been able to talk ever since it was three months old. It speaks clearly and coherently in regularly-formed sentences. When it is hungry it will say, "Baby wants dinner," or, "Mamma, take baby up," as plainly as a child five years old. One day the physician was startled by hearing it exclaim, "Mamma, baby don't want any more medicine!"

☞ In dispensing benefactions, one should give alms to the armless and leave legacies to the legless.

A Freedman's Hymn.

A Southern friend, who is curious in his observations as to the effect of freedom on the ordinary field-hand freeman, says that in no way does Sambo "feel the oats" of liberty more than in his devotions; and in support of his assertion sends the following, which he says is in many quarters a favorite hymn in public religious services:—

We's nearer to de Lord
  Dan de white folks, and dey knows it;
See de glory gate unbarred;
Walk up, darkeys, pass de guard;
  Bet a dollar he don't close it.

Walk up, darkeys, froo de gate;
  Hark! de colored angels holler,
Go away, white folks! you's too late;
We's de winnin' color; wait
  Till the trumpet sounds to follor.

Hallelujah! t'anks an' praise;
  Long enuff we've borne our crosses;
Now we's de sooperior race:
  We's gwine to hebben afore de bosses!
—*Harper's Magazine.*

☞ A PARIS NOTION.—A new notion has been introduced at social parties in Paris. At the entrance of the salon is placed a large covered basket containing small bouquets of flowers, and presided over by a modern Flora. Each guest plunges his or her hand into the basket and takes a posy, which the women attach to their dress or put in their hair, and the gentlemen place in their buttonhole. The latter promenade through the saloons, each in search of a lady wearing a similar bouquet to his own; and when she is found, he has a right to take possession of her and retain her as partner for the rest of the evening.

☞ A publishing house of Yeddo announces the issue of the one hundred and sixth and last volume of an interesting Japanese novel. This work, which has been thirty-eight years in progress of publication, is said to depict faithfully the social life of Japan in all grades and in every quarter of the empire.

☞ A proclamation has been addressed to certain ill-behaved dogs in divers townships of Aroostook county, Maine, by H. N. Darling. After a lengthy exordium, with the usual "whereas" to give the document necessary legal formality, Mr. Darling says: "Now, therefore, I Horatio N. Darling, of Patten, in the county of Penobscot, give this public notice to all dog-owners in either of said townships, that in future when I travel said road I shall be armed with one of Colt's best six-shooters, and any dog that barks at my heels will be sure to get a reply; for I have tamely stood this nonsense about long enough."

☞ Dr. Bellamy was once preaching on temperance, when he broke out thus:—"I don't want any one who has the rheumatism to tell me what has brought it on. It is cider, and the way to cure it is, to stop drinking." The same night the good man was taken with violent pains, which compelled him to summon a physician to his aid before morning. The doctor examined his patient, and said, "Ah! doctor, I see what ails you; it is the rheumatism. I'm afraid you've been taking a little too much cider." The doctor's views were somewhat modified, and caused him to qualify his language accordingly in subsequent discourses.

☞ A Georgia paper says that the people of that section have made up their minds to raise their own bread, and that the planters have put in about forty per cent. of corn, ten of oats, and fifty of cotton.

☞ The Secretary to the municipality of Florence, who is partial to trying his luck in the lotteries, sent one of his men a short time ago to put 20 francs on certain numbers to which he had taken a fancy, but the messenger forgot his commission until the offices were closed. Next morning the Secretary, on his way to business, saw the figures which he had selected posted up as having gained a prize of $240,000. In his joy he announced the good news to his acquaintances, including the Mayor, who warmly congratulated him. On reaching his bureau he rang the bell, and asked for the receipt from the person whom he had charged to place his money. The latter, in a dreadful state of agitation, was obliged to confess that he had forgotten to execute the order he had received. The revulsion of feeling experienced by the Secretary at seeing his hopes of being a millionaire destroyed cannot be described.

☞ PLANTS.—Plants are curiously fashioned. One square inch of a lilac leaf has one hundred and thirty thousand mouths, whose office is to give out the moisture in which the food absorbed by the roots has been dissolved. Lilacs will soon be in leaf and bloom, and those curious upon this subject may bring out their microscopes.

☞ A singular scene was recently witnessed on the Potomac, opposite Alexandria. A gull had, with a swoop, struck its talons deep into the back of a fish, the size of which it had evidently mistaken, for instead of bearing it away, as it had intended, the fish not only remained in the water, but swam rapidly about on the surface of the river, mounted by its flattering and now alarmed assailant, which was unable to disengage its claws from their living fastenings. The bird in its endeavors at first to carry off and then to free itself from its intended prey, soon exhausted its strength, and its efforts becoming gradually weaker from exhaustion, the would-be captor became the captured, was dragged screaming beneath the water, and its death notes choked by the rippling waves as they closed over it.

☞ One of the best sort of minds is that which minds its own business. Like many other extra good things, including beefsteaks, it is somewhat rare.

☞ So much discussion has been excited by the suggested alteration of the musical pitch, that a new organ—we mean a paper—will be established to afford field for the debate. It is to be called *The Musical Pitch-in.*

☞ Two darkies of Augusta, Georgia, went out to fight a duel the other day, but when they were shaking with pistols in their hands, a shrewd old negro, after examining the challenge and acceptance, called a halt, remarking, "Dem dar papers ain't fix up 'cording to de code, and dis foolishness is 'bout to git some nigger in jail," whereupon the belligerents ejaculated, each to his second, "Tank de Lord!" and went home.

☞ "Crazy Ann," for forty years an inmate of the Dewitville (N. Y.) poorhouse, has lately regained her reason, and remembers nothing since she was a girl of eighteen. All the intervening time is to her a blank and a mystery.

☞ An Ohio man suggests as a test of good corn, that an ear be enclosed in a paper wrapper, then taken out and shelled; the nearer the wrapper is filled, the better the corn.

Aimless Education.

Here is the rich man's son, who has been educated at great expense and pains, and who has graduated from college, and has come out a gentleman. He has studied not with a view to fitting himself for any avocation in life, but with a view of being a gentleman. He reads not for the sake of knowing anything, but for the sake of being a gentleman. Soon his father breaks down; and he, when he is about twenty-five years old, finds himself a poor man's son, and dependent on his own exertions. And he says to himself, "What shall I do for a living?" He asks his feet, and his feet say, "I do not know." He asks his hands, and they say, "I do not know." He asks his head, and it says, "I never learnt anything about how to get a living." There is but one man that can befriend this poor wretch, and that is the sexton. Could anything be more useless than such a person? Can there be anything more pitiable than such histories? And yet they are happening every day.

EUROPEAN CONVERTS TO MAHOMMEDANISM.—The Madras Times says that four Europeans have associated themselves with one of the Mahommedan sects in Madras, and have taken up their abode in one of the principal mosques with the avowed intention of apostatizing from the Christian faith. Their heads have been shaven, and they have assumed the long garb worn by neophites under instruction, preparatory to submitting to the painful rite necessary to constitute them followers of the Prophet. Their example, it is said, will be soon followed by some others, and all will then be sent on a pilgrimage to Mecca, after being paraded with much pomp and ceremony about the streets of Madras.

☞ A young fellow in England has settled a breach of promise suit, brought against him by a most eligible damsel, in a new way. The damages were laid at £5,000, and she gained them in full. Whereupon the defendant addressed the young lady a note, saying: "I have behaved infamously, but if you will only forgive and forget, we may be happy yet. The only objection which my friends had to you is now removed. They can say no longer you are without a penny, since you have £5,000 of your own." And she married him.

☞ The last thing talked about in Paris is Gustave Dore's picture of "Titania." It is only a square foot of canvas, but is filled with minute fairies in such a way as to be a subject of long study.

☞ During the great religious convention in Boston, a year or two ago, a saloon-keeper swung out his sign in these words:—"Oysters in ever style—roast, fried, and stewed. Friends of the Redeemer invited to call."

☞ Short white muslin dresses are worn at parties.

☞ A little youngster, two and a-half years old, who had heard some complaint in the family about pegs in shoes hurting the feet, approached his mother the other day, with his fingers in his mouth, and said:—"Mamma, me dot pegs tumming in my mouf and dey hurt me." And sure enough the little fellow was cutting two or three nice teeth.

☞ Water for making tea should be used the moment it boils. The reason assigned is, that if it is boiling for some time all the gas that is in it escapes with the steam, and it will not then make tea of the best flavor.

☞ It is said that a shipwrecked Yankee was lately rescued from one of the Marquesas Islands, whose first question on being discovered was, "How did the Mexican war finally come out?" He was a soldier who left Gen. Scott's army before the campaign closed.

☞ Why is the camel the most irascible animal in the world? Because he always has his back up.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—There has been rather more doing; 1500 bbls sold at $6,80@7 ₩ bbl for Northwest family, and 3000 bbls at $5@5,50 for superfine; $6,75@6,90 for extra; $6,50@7,25 for Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota extra family; $7@8 for Penna extra family; $7,50@9,50 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $10@12 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour—300 bbls sold at $7@7,25 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues in good demand. Sales 20,000 bus of amber at $1,78@1,95; 1000 bus of No. 2 spring at $1,40; 8000 bus of California at $1,77@1,80, and 10,000 bus of white at $1,80@2,05 ₩ bus. Rye—2500 bus Western and Penna sold at $1,43@1,45 ₩ bus. Corn—40,000 bus of Western mixed sold at 82@85c, the latter rate for high mixed; 20,000 bus of yellow at 88@89c, and 4000 bus of white at 90@91c ₩ bus. Oats—26,000 bus sold at 73@80c for Western, 65@76c for Penna, and 60@65c ₩ bus for Southern.

PROVISIONS—The market continues quiet. Mess Beef sells at $22@23,50 for city packed. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 18@20c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 16@18½c, and Shoulders at 14@14½c. Lard—Sales of 700 bbls and tcs Western at 19@19½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 35@36c, and prime roll at 25@40c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 22@23c.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 850 bales of Middlings sold at 28¼@28¾ for Uplands, and 29¼@29½c for New Orleans.

HAY—Sales of prime Timothy ₩ 100 lbs $1,50@1,60; mixed do $1,30@1,40; inferior do $1,20@1,25, and Straw $1,70@1,80.

HOPS—Sales of New York and Western at 5@15c, according to quality.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is very little doing; sales of No. 1 Anthracite at $41, and No. 2 at $22@23. Scotch Pig sells at $42@42,50 ₩ ton, and Glendon at $37@ Furnace. Manufactured Iron is quoted at $65 ₩ ton for Bars.

☞ An old farmer in Ohio, having read that the state penitentiary cleared seven thousand dollars during the last year by the labor of the convicts, sat some time in deep thought, and then exclaimed—"I think we'd better turn our legislatur into a penitentiary, by jingo!"

Something New and Startling.

Psychologic Attraction, Fascination, or Science of the Soul. A new book, 400 pages, nonpariel, elegantly bound in cloth, by Herbert Hamilton, B. A., author of "Natural Forces," etc. This wonderful book contains full and complete instructions to enable any one to fascinate and gain the confidence or love of either sex, and control or subject the brute creation at will. All possess and can exert this mental power, by reading this book (not a mere circular or advertising scheme), which can be obtained by sending your address and postage to the publishers,

se1s6-1y T. W. EVANS & Co.,
139 South 7th st., or 41 South 8th st., Philadelphia.

☞ An exchange says that a farmer cured his daughter of the Grecian bend by throwing water on her, and then laying her in the sun till she "warped" straight again.

☞ A person of experience crystalizes the wisdom he can acquire in that way in the following sentence: "Courtship is bliss, but matrimony is blister."

No Room for Doubt.

A few days ago there was a wedding party at the house of Mr. S——, who lives in Indiana, near the line of Preble county, Ohio; indeed the house is in the Hoosier state, while the garden which supplies its occupants, and the orchard from which they draw their fruit, are in Ohio. The bride was a daughter of Mr. J——. The ceremony was concluded, and the young folks in the midst of high festivities, when the minister bethought him of the statutes touching marriages, and he concluded that the license, which was procured in Ohio, wasn't authority for marrying a couple in Indiana; and he created a sensation by communicating his doubts to the young couple. A council was held, and it was decided that, to make a sure thing, and leave no room for unpleasant doubts, the party should repair to the orchard, which was known to be in the state of Ohio, and the marriage ceremony be repeated. This was done, and the nervous bride and groom, standing there in the "beautiful snow," in the orchard, flanked on all sides by a crowd of shivering witnesses, were again pronounced husband and wife. That marriage ought to be divorce proof.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-eow-tf

☞ THE POPULOUSNESS OF CHINA.—What impresses a traveller in China is the number of the people. The land seems filled with men, women and children. An intelligent Cantonese once expressed his idea of the fact to an Englishman in the following forcible but not complimentary way: "You are few and we are many. If we Chinamen were all to get together, and spit once, we could drown out every Englishman in Canton."

Interesting to Ladies.

I have been using a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine for *ten years*, during which time it has never been out of order, and did not cost one cent for repairs.

Mrs. T. G. HOYT,
157 W. 36th st., New York.

☞ "Tommy, my son, fetch in a stick of wood." "Ah! my dear mother," responded the youth, "the grammatical portion of your education has been sadly neglected. You should have said—'Thomas, my son, transport from that recumbent collection of combustible material upon the threshold of this edifice one of the curtailed excrescences of a defunct log.'"

Pain Paint will Stop Pain when Doctors Fail.

Wolcott's PAIN PAINT will do it; and if you have Catarrh, recollect that Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR, pint bottles $1, will eradicate this disgusting disease, root and branch. Six pints, sent free of express charges, for $5; or one pint of Wolcott's Pain Paint. Address Dr. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham square, New York. Small bottles sold at all drug stores. my8-3t

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☞ A saloon-keeper in Chicago attached a rubber tube to a gas-burner, lay down on a table with his head resting on a cigar-box, and inhaled the gas until he died.

For Black Worms,

And Pimples on the face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry, 49 Bond st., New York. Sold everywhere. The trade supplied in Philadelphia, by

my8-2m JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN.

☞ A funny incident happened to the clergyman who preaches in the Ohio State Penitentiary. He met a female inmate who is said to be very crazy, who sharply asked—"Well, chaplain, how do you like to preach to us?" "Very well, indeed," was his reply. "You behave well, are quiet and attentive. I like preaching to you very well, indeed." "In that case, chaplain," replied the girl, with a sigh, "go ahead. Preach as you have a mind to. *I suppose you are the best we can afford now!*"

To Remove Moth Patches,

Freckles and Tan from the face, use Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Sold by all Druggists. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. Perry. my8-3m

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☞ In England, a man cannot be married after 12 o'clock in the day, unless he procures a special license at a cost of $250. The law making this requirement was passed in 1754, and its object was to break up the then almost universally prevailing system of clandestine marriages. The penalty imposed upon a clergyman officiating at a marriage in violation of the Act is transportation for fourteen years.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—The safest medicines in existence; the Pills are a sure cure for dyspepsia, fever and ague, and all complaints of the stomach and bowels, while the Ointment never fails in salt rheum or other scrofula diseases.

☞ STRENGTH OF LIQUORS.—According to Bence Jones' analysis, the relative strength or stimulating power of liquors is as follows: Ten glasses of cider or porter, six glasses of claret, five glasses of burgundy, four glasses of champagne, three glasses of port or sherry, are equivalent to one glass of brandy or three-quarters of a glass of rum.

SOMETHING new for bar-rooms. Send 20 cents to Box 14, Port Deposit, Maryland. my1-4t

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☞ Half a dozen in an English boarding school thought it a good joke to send a valentine to the Pope, and they did so—also enclosing a letter with the pretty falsehood that they had discarded chignons and trains, in accordance with his suggestion. They received a nice letter from Antonelli and the autograph blessing of the Pope.

☞ The cheapest Methodist parsonage is valued at fifty dollars, and the most expensive (in Newark, N. J.,) at twenty-five thousand dollars.

Without a Good Digestion

All other temporal blessings are comparatively worthless. The dyspeptic millionaire who has tried all the potions of the medical profession in vain, and believes his complaint to be incurable, would give half his fortune to be freed from the horrors of indigestion, and thus enabled to enjoy the other half. *Of course he would.*

Perhaps HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS has been recommended to such a sufferer. Possibly he has turned from the friend who made the suggestion with a sneer, intimating that he has *no faith* in any "patent medicine." If this has been the case, *so much the worse for him.* His incredulity dooms him to a life of misery. All the luxuries which wealth can purchase are at his command. Not one of them can give him pleasure. His own irrations obstinacy is his bane.

The *masses*, happily for themselves, are less skeptical. There is such a thing as *bigoted unbelief*, as well as *bigoted credulity*, and a golden mean between the two, which men and women who are gifted with common sense adopt and profit by. These are the class that patronize and recommend HOSTETTER'S BITTERS. Why do they approve this famous anti-dyspeptic and anti-bilious preparation? Simply because they have not been too much the slaves of senseless prejudice to give it a fair trial, and have found that when all other tonics, stimulants and stomachics failed, it produced the desired effect.

"Strike, but hear," said the Roman sage, when his ignorant enemies were assailing him. "Doubt, but try," says the man who has been cured of indigestion, or biliousness, or intermittent fever, by the Bitters, as he relates his experience of the medicine to his invalid friends. Whoever is so wedded to his own foregone theoretical conclusions, as to decline to test the properties of a medicine endorsed by the testimony of intelligent men in every walk of life, and approved by the people at large, *deserves to suffer.* my1-5t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 18th of March, by the Rev. Dr. Crowell, JOHN POOLE, JR., to THERESA R. BUMM, daughter of Mr. John E. Bumm, both of this city.

On the 19th of April, by the Rev. J. W. Smith, D. D., Mr. HOWARD KEYSER to Miss LOU KILLOS, both of this city.

On the 22d of April, by the Rev. J. S. Kennard, Mr. CHARLES H. HINKLE to Miss CLARA RUSHTON, both of this city.

On the 21st of April, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOSEPH R. LOMBAUGH to Miss SUSIE A. BAIR, both of this city.

On the 25th of April, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. WILLIAM G. HENRY to Miss LYDIA A. KEEN, both of Eddington, Pa.

On the 21st of April, by the Rev. Andw. Manship, Mr. HARRY H. CONNEY to Miss ELIZA HARVEY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th of April, Rev. GEORGE A. DURBOROW, in his 47th year.

On the 26th of April, HENRY ULRICH, Sr., in his 70th year.

On the 25th of April, Mr. DANIEL ROUNTREE, aged 40 years.

On the 26th of April, SARAH E. HOWARD, aged 37 years.

On the 28th of April, Mrs. CATHARINE, wife of John Pearce, aged 57 years.

On the 25th of April, MARGARET JONES, in her 80th year.

On the 25th of April, CHARLES D. HENDRY, M. D., in his 68th year.

On the 24th of April, SAMUEL EDWARDS, aged 43 years.

On the 23d of April, SAMUEL H. BARROTT, aged 57 years.

We have manufactured Melodeons and Organs twenty-two years, and will not risk our well-earned reputation by making *cheap instruments.*

We *have not* made a great reduction in prices, and cannot, until a reduction in the price of labor and material will warrant us in doing so. Organs are advertised at $50, Gold Watches at $15, etc., etc. *Sensible people* can judge of their value.

Instruments of our own make (twenty years old) are now valued by their owners as highly as the day they were bought, and it is our intention to sustain our old reputation.

Illustrated catalogues and price lists sent free to any address. A liberal discount to churches and clergymen.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.

Agent in New York, S. G. GORDON.
Agent in Philadelphia, JAMES BELLAK.
my8-it.

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LATEST NUMBERS.

Nos. 50. Call Me Thine Own.
51. Why Wandering Here?
52. Pretty, Pretty Bird.
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54. Five O'clock in the Morning.
55. Lady Mine.
56. Boot-Black Song.
57. Sweet Heart.
58. The Smile of Memory.
59. Mabel Waltz.
60. Meet Me in the Lane, Love.
61. The Lancashire Lass.
62. The Foreign Count.
63. Where There's a Will There's a Way.
64. Be Watchful and Beware.
65. Boston Belles.
66. Chestnut Street Belles.
67. Barney O'Hea.
68. My Mother Dear.

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Magnifying 500 *times, mailed for 50* CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.
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PERSONAL.

I can furnish constant employment for leisure hours and evenings in a genteel, honorable and profitable business. From $1 to $5 per evening can be realized, and a proportionate profit to persons devoting their whole time to the business. Women and children can do it. That no doubt may exist as to the genuineness of my offer I will send full particulars, with sample of business, by mail, for ten cents. Address F. C. BARKER, Salem, Mass.
my8-4t

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way;
And whether you write of rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

For if you go spluttering over a page
When a couple of lines would do;
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through,
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little renown,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry,
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And a general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song.
So gather your wits in the smallest space
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

The Adulteration of Food in France.

If tradesmen are occasionally victimised by some clever swindler, they retaliate by paying the public at large back in the same coin; and this they do all the world over, and in America, possibly, with more impunity than in most other countries. There is no need to take a leaf out of the Turkish code, and to nail dishonest tradesmen by the ears to their shop doors and shutters, exposing them alike to the jeers and the projectiles of passers by; but we might take a hint from our French neighbors, whose supervision of weights and measures, and of articles of food liable to adulteration, is one of the many things they manage better than we do ourselves. In Paris, for instance, a considerable number of special agents, attached to the prefecture of police, are charged with examining every description of alimentary produce offered for sale to the public. They comprise inspectors of meat, of eggs, and of flour, tasters of wine, &c., and ambulant inspectors called *flaireurs*, or smellers. The duties of the latter extend all over Paris; over every shop where edibles of any description are sold; over every restaurant, cafe, and cabaret; every stall and hand-barrow with fish, vegetables, fruit, &c., exposed in the streets for sale; and it may be said in their favor, that they pitilessly seize all damaged and adulterated articles which they succeed in detecting. They visit, on an average, eight thousand establishments every month, in the course of which period the seizures made by them vary from three hundred to six hundred in number, according to the season of the year. Detailed reports, addressed to the prefecture of police, specify the quantity and character of the articles seized, from which it would appear that provision-dealers, milkmen, and grocers are the principal offenders. In the month of August, 1867, at the height of the Paris Exhibition, during visits paid to six thousand five hundred and eighty-one establishments no less than five hundred and ninety seizures were made, being at the rate of nearly ten per cent. From long practice, these smelling inspectors have acquired a kind of infallibility which the delinquent traderman is the first to recognize; consequently their decisions are rarely contested. A single sniff suffices to enable them to detect whether either the cooked or salted meats have formed portions of an animal that has died of disease, or been slaughtered according to the prescribed regulations.

These ambulant inspectors have not only to verify the wholesomeness of all substances offered to the public, but to examine carefully and confiscate, if requisite, the utensils employed in the preparation of alimentary substances. For this purpose they visit the kitchens of the various restaurants, traiteurs, tables d'hote, and boarding-houses, and any copper vessels on which verdigris is discovered, or plated dishes and spoons, the plating of which has worn off, are immediately sent by them to be re-tinned or silvered, as the case may be. In like manner, they prohibit the use, for culinary purposes, of zinc utensils, or earthenware ones colored with arsenic green, or glazed with any varnish the basis of which is salt of lead.

The inspectors of meat are attached to the various Paris slaughter-houses, and to the Pavilion of the Halles Centrales, where the Paris dead-meat market is held. Early every morning, as soon as the various pieces of meat arriving from the *abattoirs* and the railway-stations are numbered, they commence their rounds and stamp every joint approved as wholesome with the letter V, in blue ink. All unsound meat is at once put aside to be sprinkled with spirits of turpentine, the strong odor of which renders it useless for alimentary purposes. It is then sold, to be converted to various industrial uses. Meat that has a bad appearance, but yet retains certain nutritive qualities, is consigned to the Jardin des Plantes to feed the wild animals with.

So careful are the authorities with regard to the main ingredient of the universal omelette, that they have appointed no less than sixty-five inspectors of eggs, fully half of whom are constantly employed in examining singly every egg sent to the Paris markets, which they do by holding it up before a candle. All that are bad are at once destroyed, and such as are over stale are sold to gilders and others, for trade purposes. A certain number of these egg inspectors are charged with the duty of testing the stocks of the retail dealers.

The tasting inspectors of Paris have to exercise an active supervision over the extensive depots of wine at Bercy, and the Halle aux Vins, and to visit no less than twenty-four thousand establishments where wine and other liquors are sold. They are only appointed after an examination, at which they are required to give proof of their powers of instantly discriminating all the different kinds of wine presented to them to taste. Adulterated wine seized by them used to be emptied into the gutter in front of the delinquent's door, but many poor people collected it in jars and saucepans, and with sponges. Now it is thrown into the Seine, on the principle, we suppose, of rendering to the river that which has been mainly derived from it.

Distinct from these several corps of inspectors of provisions are the inspectors charged with verifying the exactitude of all scales, weights, and measures of capacity in use at the markets, and in the shops and warehouses of Paris. So certain are offenders of being detected, and severely punished, that the use of fraudulent weights and measures is confined to the lowest class of Paris tradesmen; and although, during 1867, the police reported between ten and eleven thousand cases, including every kind of petty irregularity, with reference to weights and measures, only two hundred and twenty-six of these were regarded as fraudulent, and submitted to the police tribunals.

All this active surveillance, though powerless to prevent fraud, is efficacious in checking it, and more particularly in ensuring to offenders an amount of punishment proportionate to their deserts. The fines inflicted range from fifty francs up to twenty thousand francs—a fine of the latter amount, in addition to several months' imprisonment, having been inflicted on a landed proprietor convicted of adulterating milk sent by him to Paris. Whenever substances deleterious to health have been employed for purposes of adulteration, a sentence of imprisonment is invariably inflicted, as well as the customary fine. But the best feature of the French process is the publishing of all sentences on placards, printed at the delinquent's expense, three of which the police are required to see duly exposed in the window, on the door, and inside his shop, for the space of fifteen days. The remainder, usually about twenty, are posted up by the authorities in the immediate neighborhood.

Spite of the activity displayed in the detection and punishment of offenders, the French, nevertheless, persist in exercising their natural ingenuity in the clever sophistication of numerous alimentary substances. We learn from M. Michael Chevalier, that turning water into wine, so far from being a miracle now-a-days, is a matter of common occurrence. All that is necessary is to add to it certain of the following ingredients, according as the *crus* of Bordeaux, Burgundy, Champagne, or the wines of the South have to be indicated:—Cider, perry, spirits of wine, elder and juniper berries, mulberries, beet-root juice, corriander seeds, sugar, treacle, campeachy wood, chalk, alum, carbonate of potash, sulphate of iron, oxide of lead, litharge, and tartaric, tumeric, and acetic acids. There are, at Cette, scores of firms which imitate not merely French wines, but concoct the great bulk of foreign wines drunk in Paris; and at Rheims one well-known house prides itself on producing every description of wine, spirit, and liquer under the sun.

Paris milk, though superior to the fluid sold in London under that name, has, in too many instances, an unfair proportion of water, and is indebted for much of its mucilaginous qualities to gelatine, and an infusion of rice, barley, or bran, rather than to the pounded calves' brains of which one hears, and which are turned to more profitable account. The so-called olive oil, of which such large quantities are consumed in Paris, is produced from poppies, rape seed, colza, sesame, various nuts, the fat of fowls mixed with honey, and a score of other substances. Sugar and tea are, of course, subject to endless adulterations; salt is commonly mixed with powdered sandstone; while, as regards chocolate, so largely consumed from one end of France to the other, and exported to the furthest corners of the globe, much of it is made of bean or potato-flour, burnt almonds, veal or mutton fat, and cinnibar or ochre, with the addition of a little treacle to bind the whole together. Ground coffee is adulterated with barley and other meals, beet-root, carrots, acorns, chestnuts, and, as a matter of course, chicory, which, in its turn, is largely adulterated with refuse from the distilleries, ochre, brick-dust, soot, and even common black earth.

The use of this last substance would seem incredible were it not well known that coffee berries themselves—such as would stand the test of any ordinary examination—are actually manufactured, like bricks, of clay, and, after being ground up, find their way regularly, every morning into tens of thousands of Paris *cafetieres*. The artificial berries approximate so closely to the natural ones, in their unroasted state, that they can be mixed with them and escape detection; and as the price is one-fortieth that of pure coffee, no matter what the proportions of the mixture may be, the result is certain to be profitable to the grocer. The only machinery required by the artificial coffee-berry maker is any number of sheet-moulds, opening and shutting with hinges, each of which will model a hundred berries at a time. After being filled with clay, and closed, they are placed under a powerful press, and exposed to a slow fire. On the moulds being opened, the dry berries, which have the greenish-gray tinge of genuine unroasted coffee, fall out of themselves.

The great merit of the invention is this. Supposing a person to be of an economical turn, or fastidious in the matter of the flavor of his coffee, and he should determine, not only to buy this unground, but to roast it himself, so as to preserve all its vaunted aroma; well, the false berries will stand even this test; for the essential oil which the roasting brings out of the genuine coffee will be absorbed by them, and the productions of art and nature will emerge from the roasting-machine with precisely the same bronze coating. It is under this deceitful envelope that the clay berries pass into the coffee-mill, and thence into the coffee-pot, where they impregnate the boiling water with none of the anticipated aromatic flavor; and, in truth, one must be unreasonably exacting to expect them to do so.

All that can be said in favor of clay-coffee is, that it is innocuous to health, as when dissolved it forms a sediment which, if detected at the bottom of the cup, is set down to genuine coffee-grounds. It is certainly considerate on the part of the manufacturer not to poison the people whom he robs. But probably he does not trouble himself about that one way or the other—but clay serves his turn, and clay happens to be harmless.

☞ The worship of stone and wooden idols in China is quite expensive. Besides the actual expense of making them, which places a good private assortment of gods out of the reach of poor men, large sums of money are spent to appease them, under various circumstances. The worship of ancestors is comparatively cheap, costing an economical family only about $1.50 per year.

☞ Schoolma'am—"Now, children, who loves all the men?" Children—"You does, missus."

THE ART OF RIDING.

Don't be alarmed; this is neither an American "agricultural horse trot," nor an English "steeple-chase." Its purpose is to show how men ride, rather than how horses go. Riding is an art, and must be acquired, like other arts, by study and practice. Occasionally, however, a man seems to be a born rider, and takes to the saddle naturally as some do to music, mechanics or painting. But most of us are not thus gifted, and skill in horsemanship as well as in other professions is acquired by hard study and long continued practice. Our cut is copied from a new work on *Seats and Saddles, Bits and Biting*, and is designed to illustrate a bad and good seat, and to enforce the caution given to the rider. We can attempt no synopsis of the principles discussed, or the directions given in this volume. We must, however, give the reply of Major Dwyer to the question, "What is a man to sit on? Well, he has two bones in his seat, which we venture, in imitation of German phraseology, to call his 'sitting-bones,' and a third in rear—that on which long ago Lord Monboddo built his celebrated theory, since improved on by Darwin, of the human race having been originally developed from monkeys; this third bone completes, with the other two, a triangular basis for the human seat on horse-back, and, be it said, a much more efficient one than for the theory in question. If the angle of the hip-bone comes to be perpendicular over the sitting-bone at the same side, the rider's weight will rest on this triangular basis, which, being the largest available for the purpose, affords the greatest degree of stability to the seat. If, however, the perpendicular from the hip-bone falls *to the rear* of the sitting-bone, the leg and thigh are immediately thrown forward to the horse's shoulder, the rider's back is converted into the segment of a circle, and his weight sways about unsteadily on the Monboddo corner of the triangle. Finally, if the aforesaid perpendicular fall *in front* of the sitting-bone, the fork-seat is achieved, the thighs come back toward the horse's tail, the rider's body is carried forward by every movement of the animal, because it rests only on two points instead of three, and this may be styled the 'muff school of equestrianism.'"

WAITING.

Learn to wait—life's hardest lesson,
Conned, perchance, through blinding tears,
While the heart-throbs sadly echo
To the tread of passing years.

Learn to wait—hope's slow fruition;
Faint not, though the way seem long;
There is joy in each condition,
Hearts, through suffering, may grow strong.

Constant sunshine, howe'er welcome,
Ne'er would ripen fruit or flower;
Giant oaks owe half their greatness
To the scathing tempest's power.

Thus a soul, untouched by sorrow,
Aims not at a higher state;
Joy seeks not a brighter morrow,
Only sad hearts learn to wait.

Human strength and human greatness
Spring not from life's sunny side;
Heroes must be more than driftwood
Floating on a waveless tide.

Old Words.

A familiar verse of the fifth chapter of Matthew contains two not very common words, and these words, as regards many people, obscure any nice appreciation of the full meaning of the entire sentence.

"Till heaven and earth pass, one *jot*, or one *tittle* shall in no wise pass from the law," &c.

Of course any man that can read decently has no difficulty with the *essential* signification of this passage. But he at once sees it in a clearer light, when he understands that, in the old languages, including Old English, the letter *i* occupied all the positions which *i* and *j* now divide between them, *j* being unknown, except possibly to the ear as one of the sounds of *i*. Thus, *jot*—in the old spelling, *iot*—is but the English for the Hebrew *jod* or *iod*, and the Greek *iota*, which is the *smallest letter* in the Greek, just as *i* is the smallest in our own alphabet. *Tittle*, itself a diminutive of *tit*, which means something very small, was the best English word that the translators could find to represent to Greek word *keraia*, which is rendered by *apex* in the Latin, *trait de lettre* in the French, and by *titel* in the German version. Now as *keraia* is Greek for the accentual part of a letter, or, otherwise, seems to refer to the little corners, or "horns," of certain Hebrew letters which distinguish them from others, a clearer translation of the above passage would perhaps read somewhat in this wise:

"Till heaven and earth pass, the smallest letter, or particle of a letter, shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled."

Thus explained, the warning assertion conveys, with great clearness and force, an idea of the full extent of rigor which is to characterise the execution of the law.

As illustrations of the extent to which words once respectable become vulgar, *learn, puke* and *axe* are three noticeable verbs, all of Saxon origin. *To learn* was at first an active verb. "Hast thou not learned me," is found in Shakspeare; and "till I learned him," in the writings of Drayton. Old people can well remember when "puke" was the polite, and "vomit" the vulgar term for the spasmodic act which sent Jonah to the dry land. *Axe*, for *ask*, now a gross vulgarism both in England and America, once ranked with our best words. Thus, "or if he axe a fish," is the reading in Wickliffe's Testament. There might be collected from our old literature a long list of these words, once used by the purest writers, but now become obsolete or vulgar, and, in some cases, indecent. A few of these words occur in our present version of the Bible, which is the finest existing specimen of the English of two and a half centuries ago.

Proverbs and cant sayings are often curiously changed. "Not to know a hawk from a handsaw," and "not worth a curse," are two instances of this sort. The correct reading is "heronshaw" for *handsaw* and "crees" for *curse*. In the old days of falconry, not to know a hawk from a heron must have been extreme stupidity, since the latter bird was the kind of feathered game then the most pursued. A plant so easily procurable for salad, &c., as the *cress* was, served, of course, as an excellent representative of worthlessness, when the above assertion came into use.

Baluster is often corruptly written and pronounced "banister;" and *cranberry*, in the rural districts, is very generally pronounced "crambery." This latter is *cranberry*, its slender stalk resembling the neck or legs of a crane.

"*Great big* (things") is a common colloquial phrase in the mouths of American children, who do not scruple to ridicule their Irish schoolmates for applying *small tittle* to objects of an opposite character. Both phrases are alike vulgar.

Starboard and *larboard*, two very familiar nautical terms, are curiously formed from the language of a people once foremost among those who go down to the sea in ships. *Questo bordo*, this side, and *quello bordo*, that side, are the Italian originals of these words. In modern use, "port" is very generally substituted for *larboard*, on account of serious mistakes having arisen from the resemblance in sound between the latter and "starboard."

Bye or *by*, being a noun, meaning something indirect or private, such phrases as "by-the-bye," "by-law," &c., become easy of explanation.

Canter, a sort of moderate gallop, had its origin from the peculiar pace of pilgrims riding to *Canterbury* in "ye olden time."—*Worcester Spy.*

The Wind.

Nothing is more curious than the effect produced upon the mind by the wash of the waves and the blowing of the wind in hollow places. It cannot be association which gives both sounds their air of mystic dreaminess, of vain lamentation, or of melancholy desire. Both sea and wind are potent enough and practical enough to make the men who specially devote themselves to using and breasting their power hard, keen, daring, rugged. Yet the sound of the sea on the shore and the wind roaring through the house suggests anything but daring and enterprise. If it suggests danger and shipwreck—that is, by association, and because we know that shipwrecks come of waves and winds—directly, it does not suggest danger or struggle, but rather

Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And trials long ago,

and this can only be because there are certain sounds adapted of themselves to recall certain moods of thought, and which have not gained their power to do so by association. This is true of all music. But the special expressive power of a moaning high wind seems to be to blend an immense variety of subdued notes—notes melancholy in themselves—into a volume of sound so great as to seem like the voice of a great past-away world complaining of its fate or its oblivion. If it is strange enough—as it is—that solid food growing out of the earth should supply human organization with nervous power to perceive and feel, it is at least as strange that a few gases ranged round the earth, the more immediate object of which seems to be to oxidize our food in the lungs, and to provide currents which ventilate our planet's surface, should in addition have the extraordinary power of supplying us with a medium for speech, a natural music, and an inarticulate language of emotion.

The Law of True Marriage.

"Wherever," says Gail Hamilton, "man pays reverence to woman—wherever any man feels the influence of any woman, purifying, chastening, abashing, strengthening him against temptation, shielding him from evil, ministering to his self-respect, medicining his weariness, peopling his solitude, winning him from sordid prizes, enlivening his monotonous days with mirth, or fancy, or wit, flashing heaven upon his earth, and mellowing it all for spiritual fertility—there is the element of marriage. Wherever woman pays reverence to man—wherever any woman rejoices in the strength of any man, feels it to be God's agent upholding her weakness, confirming her purpose, and crowning her power; wherever he reveals himself to her, just, upright, inflexible, yet tolerant, merciful, benignant, not unruffled, perhaps, but not overcome by the world's turbulence, and responding to all her gentleness, his feet on the earth, his head among the stars, helping her to hold her soul steadfast in right, to stand firm against the encroachment of frivolity, vanity, impatience, fatigue, and discouragement, helping to preserve her good nature, to develope her energy, to consolidate her thought, to utilize her benevolence, to exalt and illumine her life—there is the essence of marriage. Its love is founded on respect, and increases self-respect at the very moment of merging self in another. Its love is mutual, equally giving and receiving at every instant of its action. There is neither dependence nor independence, but interdependence. Years cannot weaken its bonds, distance cannot sunder them. It is a love which vanquishes the grave, and transfigures death itself into life."

SPRING FLOWERS.

Last year's flowers have fled,
Last year's leaves are dead,
Last year's glories gone from earth and sky;
Now fresh flowrets blow,
Green boughs bravely show,
Spring resumes her gracious sovereignty.

But there never came
Flower or leaf the same
As were dear in days forever past;
Tender thoughts of death
Chill your sweetest breath,
Flowers so like, yet so unlike the last!

All that with them went,
All the sweet event
Of the household year: the loving ties
That were bound or broken,
All the love unspoken,
All the grief suppressed, within us rise.

The Two French Queens of Fashion.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Eighteen years ago the President of the Republic of France betrayed the country which had trusted him, stole its liberties in the night, laid robber hands upon its treasury, dishonored its noblest citizens by carting them to jail in prison vans, murdered in cold blood several hundreds of innocent men and women in the streets of Paris, and transported hundreds more to a hot, unhealthy region of the tropics. This was the Andersonville of usurpation. It transcended all that had ever been done in that kind—joining to the extreme of dastardly meanness the extreme of audacious cruelty, and being totally devoid of palliation or excuse, except that invented by the head liar of the gang who perpetrated it. The man in whose name the deed was done appears to have furnished nothing but the lies; the audacity, and what little courage was shown, being supplied by others. Mr. Kinglake's chapter upon this usurpation (Invasion of the Crimea, Vol. I. Ch. XIV.) strikingly confirmed by some American narratives to which the author had not access, exhausts the subject and avenges the human race, which is deeply injured whenever man's faith in man is lessened by the deliberate betrayal of a solemnly accepted trust. Mr. Kinglake, I say, has avenged our outraged race; for which, I trust, we are all duly grateful to him. Nothing remains but for France to bring the perfidious wretch to trial for the special wrong done to *her*, and execute upon *him* the penalty to which he may be condemned.

As usual in such cases, a woman was found willing to share the bed and booty of the successful robber. She was young, beautiful, well formed, and of just such a mind as to submit joyfully to spend half the day in trying on articles of wearing apparel, and the other half in displaying them to a concourse of people. It became, too, and remains an important part of her duty to amuse, dazzle, and debase the women of France, by wearing a rapid succession of the most gorgeous, novel, bewildering costumes, the mere description of which has developed a branch of literature, employs many able writers, and mainly supports fifty periodicals. Here is a vain, beautiful woman, living in the gaze of nations, who has the plunder of a rich kingdom, with which to buy her clothes, and the taste of a continent to devise them for her; for to Paris the *elite* of all tailors, dressmakers, milliners, and hair-dressers go from every capital in Europe. Whatever there is in France of truly noble and patriotic—and there are as many noble and patriotic persons in France, as in any other country—avoids the vicinity of this woman; while around her naturally gather the thoughtless and the interested. The women in this circle imitate her as closely as women can whose husbands have not stolen the treasures of a nation; all except one, it is said, and she is the real queen of fashion.

Both these leading women have certain physical defects which they wish to conceal, as well as certain unusual charms, of which they intend the most shall be made. One is beautiful and tall. The other is ugly and short, but graceful, vivacious, and interesting. The hair of one of them growing scanty behind, all women felt the necessity of carrying a pound of horsehair under their own, and swelled out in the region of the back hair to an extent that now seems incredible. If the parting of the hair widens, and begins to resemble baldness, then frizzing comes in, which covers up the deficiency. A few gray hairs bring powder into fashion. Other insufficiencies send panniers on their way round the world. For these women, and especially the one who figures in the centre of the group, occupy that conspicuous place to which for two centuries past more females eyes have been admiringly directed than to any other; and there reside near them a band of writers who live by chronicling every new device of decoration that appears upon their persons. So able, liberal, and sensible a journal as the Pall Mall Gazette finds it necessary to station an industrious member of its staff within sight of these people, for the sole purpose of telling the best women in England what clothes the worst women in France wear. I should suppose, from looking over the periodicals which publish fashion news, that there must be in Paris as many as a hundred writers who derive the whole or part of their income from describing the dresses worn in the ancient palaces temporarily occupied by the usurper and his dependents; and many of these writers do their work so well, that their letters are a most potent stimulator of the passion for dress which is so easily kindled in the minds of the ignorant and immature.

This poor woman, who is the immediate cause of the mischief, is, we are told, an anxious and unhappy being, as well she may be. She struggles to conciliate. A forced, fixed smile is ever upon her face, when that face is seen by others. In her growing anxiety, she naturally redoubles her efforts to dazzle and beguile the people in whose sight she dwells, and on whose money she dresses. When the Hour comes, I hope she will be mercifully judged, for she has already expiated the venial sin of yielding to a temptation which only a very superior woman—one really honest and thoroughbred—could have resisted. It is probable that she now regards the wearing of those tremendous costumes merely as her contribution towards housekeeping; as though she said to her husband, "*You* keep down the men by muzzling the press and flattering the army, and I'll fool the women by wearing the most stunning costumes that ever struck envy to the female heart.—*Atlantic Monthly for May.*

☞ Women are among the most persistent office seekers at Washington.

ACROSS THE RIVER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

When for me the silent oar
  Parts the Silent River,
And I stand upon the shore,
  Of the strange Forever,
Shall I miss the loved and known?
Shall I vainly seek mine own?

'Mid the crowd that come to meet
  Spirits sin-forgiven,—
Listening to their echoing feet
  Down the streets of heaven,—
Shall I know a footstep near
That I listen, wait for here?

Then will one approach the brink
  With a hand extended,
One whose thoughts I loved to think
  Ere the veil was rended,
Saying, "Welcome, we have died,
And again are side by side."

Saying, "I will go with thee,
  That thou be not lonely,
To yon hills of mystery;
  I have waited only
Until now, to climb with thee
  Yonder hills of mystery."

Can the bonds that make us here
  Know ourselves immortal,
Drop away, like foliage sear,
  At life's inner portal?
What is holiest below
Must forever live and grow.

I shall love the angels well,
  After I have found them
In the mansions where they dwell,
  With the glory round them.
But at first without surprise,
Let me look in human eyes.

Step by step our feet must go,
  Up the holy mountain;
Drop by drop within us flow
  Life's unfailing fountain.
Angels sing with crowns that burn;
We shall have a song to learn.

He who on our earthly path
  Bids us help each other—
Who his Well-Beloved hath
  Made our Elder Brother—
Will but clasp the chain of love
Closer, when we meet above.

Therefore dread I not to go
  O'er the silent river.
Death, thy hastening oar I know;
  Bear me, thou Life-giver,
Through the waters, to the shore,
Where mine own have gone before!

THE RED COURT FARM.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "ROLAND YORKE, OR DONE IN PASSION," &C., &C.

As Miss Thornycroft struck in to the road again she saw Anna Chester talking to one of her two elder brothers, it was too far off to distinguish which; and indeed Richard and Isaac were so much alike in figure, that the one was often taken for the other. That it was the latter, Miss Thornycroft judged; there appeared to be a sort of intimacy—a friendship—between Isaac and Anna that she by no means approved of, and Isaac had taken to go rather often to Captain Copp's.

Anna came on alone; her gentle face beaming, her pretty lips breaking into smiles. But Miss Thornycroft was cold.

"Which of my brothers were you talking to?"

"It was Isaac," answered Anna, turning her face away, for the trick of coloring crimson at Isaac's name, acquired since her return, was all too visible.

"Ah, yes, I knew it must be Isaac. What good friends you seem to be growing!"

"Do you think so?" returned Anna, stooping to do something or other to her dainty little boot, and speaking as lightly as the circumstances permitted. "He stopped me to say that Captain Copp was going to dine at the Red Court this evening, and so asked if I would accompany him."

"Oh, it's to be one of their dinner gatherings this evening, is it?" replied Mary Anne, alluding to her brothers with her usual scant ceremony. "Well, I hope you will come, Anna; otherwise I shall not go in."

"Thank you. Yes."

"But look here. If you get telling Isaac things again that I tell you, you and I shall quarrel. What is he to you that you should do it?"

Not for a long while had Anna felt so miserably bewildered. She began ransacking her memory for all she had said. At these critical moments, discovery seemed very near.

"This morning, Richard chose to question me about Susan Hunter's coming down. He had heard of it from Isaac. Now I had not mentioned it to Isaac, or to any one else at home: time enough for that when the day was fixed; and Isaac could only have learned it from you."

"I—I am not sure—I can't quite tell—it is possible I did mention it to him," stammered poor Anna. "I did not think to do harm."

"I dare say not. But it *has* done harm; it has caused no end of mischief and disturbance at home, and got me into what my brothers politely call a 'row.' Kindly keep my affairs to yourself for the future, Anna."

She turned away with the last words, and the poor young wife, in a sea of perplexity and distress, continued her way. The life she was leading was exceedingly unsatisfactory; never a moment save in some chance and transitory meeting in the village or on the heath, did she obtain one private word with Isaac. Isaac was rather a frequent dropper-in now at Captain Copp's; but the cautious sailor, remembering the warning hint of his mother, took care to afford no scope for private talking; or, as he phrased it, sweethearting; and Mrs. Copp—her terror of discovery being always fresh upon her—guarded Anna zealously. Could she have had her way, they would have passed each other with a formal nod whenever they met.

"Never again," murmured Anna. "I must never again speak to him about his home—unless it be of what the whole world knows. How I wish this dreadful state of things could terminate! I have heard of secrets—concealments—wearing the life away; I believe it now."

The former resident superintendent of the coast-guard, Mr. Dangerfield, had left Coastdown, and been replaced by Mr. Kyne. Private opinion ran that Coastdown had not changed for the best; Mr. Supervisor Dangerfield (the official title awarded him by Coastdown) having been an easy, good-tempered, jolly kind of man, while Mr. Supervisor Kyne was turning out to be strict and fussy on the score of "duty." Justice Thornycroft, the great man of the place, had received him well, and the new officer evidently liked the good cheer he was made welcome to at the Red Court Farm.

On this same morning Mr. Thornycroft, strolling out from his home, saw the supervisor on the plateau, and crossed the rails to join him. Mr. Kyne, a spare man of middle age, with a grayish sort of face and hair cut close to his head, stood on the extreme edge of the plateau, attentively scanning the sea. He slowly turned as Mr. Thornycroft approached.

"Looking out for smugglers?" demanded the justice, jestingly. For this new superintendent had started the subject of smuggling soon after he came to Coastdown, avowing a suspicion that it was carried on; the justice had received it with a fit of laughter, and lost no opportunity since of throwing ridicule on it.

"Shall I tell him or not?" mentally debated Mr. Kyne. "Better not, perhaps, until we can get hold of something more positive. He would never believe it; he would resent it as a libel on Coastdown."

The fact was, Mr. Kyne had received information some short while before, from what he considered a reliable source, that smuggling to a great extent *was* carried on at Coastdown, or on some part of the coast lying nearly contiguous to it. He was redoubling his own watchfulness and his preventive precautions: to find out such a thing would be a great feather in his cap.

"You won't ridicule me out of my conviction, sir."

"Not I," said the justice; "I don't want to."

"I shall put a man on this plateau at night."

Mr. Thornycroft opened his eyes. "What on earth for?"

"Well—I suspect that place below."

"Suspect that place below!" repeated the justice, advancing to the edge and looking down. "What is there on it to suspect?"

"Nothing—that's the truth. But if contraband things are landed, that's the most likely spot about. There is no other at all that I see where it *could* be done."

"And so you look at it on the negative principle," cried the justice, curling his lip. "Don't be afraid, Kyne. If the Half-moon had but a bale of smuggled goods on it, there it must be until you seized it. Is there a corner to hide it in, or facility for carrying it away?"

"That's what I say to myself," rejoined Mr. Kyne. "It's the only thing that makes me easy."

"Don't, for humanity's sake, leave your poor men here on a winter's night; it would be simply superfluous in the teeth of this impossibility! The cold on this bleak place might do for some of them before morning, or a false step in the dark send them over the cliff. Not to speak of the ghost," added the justice, with a grim smile.

The supervisor gave an impromptu grunt, as if the latter sentence had jarred on his nerves.

"*That ghost tale is the worst part of it!*" cried he. "Cold they are used to, danger they don't mind; but there's not one of them but shudders at the thought of seeing the ghost. I changed the men when I found how it was; sent the old ones away, and brought fresh ones here; well, will you believe me, justice, that in two days after they came they were as bad as the old ones? That fellow, Tomlett, with two or three more that congregate at the Mermaid, have told them the whole tale. I can hardly get 'em on here since, after nightfall—though it's only to walk along the plateau and back again."

Mr. Thornycroft looked straight out before him. The supervisor noticed the grave change that had come to his face; and remembered that this, or some other superstitious fear, was said to have killed the late Mrs. Thornycroft. What with this story, what with the other deaths spoken of, taking their rise remotely or unremotely in the ghost, what with the uncomfortable feeling altogether that these things left on the mind in dark and lonely moments, Mr. Supervisor Kyne might have confessed, had he been honest enough, to not caring to stay himself on the plateau at night. But for this fact, the place would have been better guarded, since his men, in spite of the ghost, must have remained on duty.

"Do you happen to know a little inlet of a spot lying near to Jutpoint?" asked Mr. Thornycroft. "They say that used to be famous for smuggling in the old days. If any is carried on still—a thing to be doubted—there's where you must look for it."

"Ay, I've heard before of that place," remarked the supervisor. "They say it's quiet enough now."

"I should have supposed most places were," said the justice, a mocking intonation again in his tone, which rather told on the ears it was meant for. "We revert to smuggling now as a thing of the past, not the present. What fortunes were made at it!"

"And lost," said the supervisor.

Mr. Thornycroft shrugged his shoulders. "Were they? Through bad management, then. Before that exposure of the custom-house frauds, both merchants and officers lined their pockets. And do still, no doubt."

They were slowly walking together, side by side on the brow of the plateau, as they talked. Mr. Thornycroft stole a glance at his companion. The supervisor's face was composed and cold; nothing to be gathered from it.

"It has its charms, no doubt, this cheating of the revenue," resumed the justice. "Were I a custom-house officer, and had the opportunity offered me, I might be tempted to embrace it. Look at the toil of these men—yours, for example—work, work, work and responsibility perpetually; and then look at the miserable pittance of pay. Why, a man may serve (and generally does) until he's fifty years of age, before he has enough salary doled out to him to keep his family in decent comfort."

"That's true," was the answer; "it keeps many of us from marrying. It has kept me."

"Just so. One can't wonder that illegitimate practices are considered justifiable. The world in its secret conscience exonerates you, I can tell you that, Mr. Supervisor."

Mr. Supervisor walked along, measuring his steps, as if in thought; but he did not answer.

"Why, how can it be otherwise?" continued the magistrate, warming with his subject and his sympathy. "Put the case before us for a moment as it used to be put. A merchant—Mr. Brown, let us say—has extensive dealings with continental countries, and imports largely. Every ship-load that comes for him must pay a duty of four hundred pounds, more or less, to the customs. Brown speaks to the examining officer, 'You wink at this ship-load, don't see it; and we'll divide the duty between us; you put two hundred in your pocket, and I'll put two.' Who is there among us that would not accede? Not many. It enables the poor, ill-paid gentleman to get a few comforts; and he does it."

"Yes; that is how many have been tempted."

"And I say we cannot blame them. No man with a spark of humanity within his breast could give blame. Answer for yourself, Kyne: were it possible that such a proposal could be made to you in these days, would *you* not fall in with it?"

"No," said the officer, in a low but decisive tone. "I should not."

"No?" repeated Mr. Thornycroft, staring at him.

"It killed my father."

Mr. Thornycroft did not understand. The supervisor, looking straight before him as if he were seeing past events in the distance, explained, in a voice that was no louder than a whisper.

"He was tempted exactly as you have described; and yielded. When the exposures took place at the London Customs, he was one of the officers implicated, and made his escape abroad. There he died, yearning for the land to which he could not return. The French doctors said that unsatisfied yearning killed him; he had no other discoverable malady."

"What a curious thing!" exclaimed Mr. Thornycroft.

"There were some private, unhappy circumstances mixed with it. One was, that his wife would not share in his exile. I could not; I had already a place in the customs. Just before he died I went over, and he extorted a solemn promise from me never to do as he had done. I never shall. No inducement possible to be offered would tempt me."

"It is a complete answer to the supposititious case propounded," said the justice, laughing pleasantly.

"Supposititious, indeed!" remarked Mr. Kyne. "It could not occur in these days."

"Certainly not. And *therefore* your theory of present smuggling must explode. I must be going. Will you come in to-night and dine with us, Kyne? Copp is coming, and a few more. We've got the finest turbot, the finest barrel of natives you ever tasted."

Inclination led Mr. Supervisor Kyne one way, duty another. He thought he ought not to accept it; the dinners at the Red Court were always prolonged until midnight at least, and his men would be safe to go off the watch. But—a prime turbot! and all the rest of it! Mr. Kyne's mouth watered.

"Thank you, sir; I'll come."

The evening dinner-gathering took place. Mr. Kyne and others, invited to attend it, assembled in the usual unceremonious fashion, and were very jolly to a late hour. Miss Thornycroft and Anna sat down to table, quitting the gentlemen as soon as dinner was over. Ladies, as a rule, were never invited to these feasts, but if Miss Thornycroft appeared at table, the justice had no objection to her asking a companion to join her. Generally speaking, however, her dinner on these occasions was served to her alone.

"My darling, I am unable to take you home to-night; I—I cannot leave my friends," whispered Isaac, finding himself by a happy chance alone with Anna. Going into the drawing-room for a minute he found his sister had temporarily left it to get a book.

"Sarah is coming for me."

"Yes, I know."

His arms pressed jealously round her for the first time since they parted, his face laid on hers, he took from her lips a shower of impassioned kisses. Only for a moment. The sweeping trail of Miss Thornycroft's silk dress was even then heard. When she entered, Anna sat leaning her brow upon her raised fingers; Isaac was leaving the room, carelessly humming a scrap of a song. Yes, it was an unsatisfactory life at best—a wife and no wife; a heavy secret to guard; apprehension always.

The days went on. Miss Thornycroft, defiantly pursuing her own will, directly disobeying her father's command, did not write to stop the arrival of her guests; and yet an opportunity offered her of doing so. I fully believe that these opportunities of escape from the path of evil are nearly always afforded once at least in every fresh temptation, if we would but recognize and seize upon them.

It wanted but two days to that of the expected arrival, when a hasty note was received from Miss Hunter saying she was prevented coming; it concluded with these words: "My brother is undecided what to do; he thinks you will not want him without me. Please drop him just one line; or if he does not hear, he will take it for granted that you expect him."

There was an opportunity!—"Just one line," and Mary Anne Thornycroft would have had the future comfort of knowing that she had (in substance at least) obeyed her father.

But she did not send it.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE HALF-MOON BEACH.

Dodging about between the village and the Red Court Farm, went Miss Thornycroft. Her mind was not at rest. The day on which she had expected her guests—or rather *one* of them—had passed. It was on Saturday; here was Monday passing, and nobody had come. Each time the omnibus had arrived from Jutpoint, the young lady had not been far off. It had not brought anybody in whom she was interested. Forty-five minutes past three now; ten minutes more, and it would be in again. She was beginning to feel sick with emotional suspense.

But, for all this dodging, Miss Thornycroft was a lady; and when the wheels of the omnibus were at length heard, and it drew up at the Mermaid, she was at a considerable distance, apparently taking a cold stroll in the wintry afternoon. One passenger only got out; she could see that; and—was it Robert Hunter?

If so, he must be habited in some curious attire. Looking at him from this distance, he seemed to be all white and black. But, before he had moved a step; while he was inquiring (as might be inferred) the way to the Red Court Farm; the wild beating of Mary Anne Thornycroft's heart told her who it was.

They met quietly enough, shaking hands calmly while he explained that he had been unable to get away on Saturday. Miss Thornycroft burst into a fit of laughter at the coat, partly genuine, partly put on to hide her tell-tale emotion. It was certainly a remarkable coat; made of a smooth sort of white cloth, exceedingly heavy, and trimmed with black fur. The collar, the facings, the wrists, and the back pockets, had all a broad strip. He turned himself about for her inspection, laughing too.

"I fear I shall astonish the natives. But I never had so warm a coat in my life. I got it from the professor."

"From the professor!"

Mr. Hunter laughed.

"Some crafty acquaintance of his, hard up, persuaded him into the purchase of two money down, saying they had just come over from Russia—latest fashion. Perhaps they had; perhaps they are. The professor does not go in for fashion, but he cannot refuse a request made to him on the plea of unmerited poverty, and all that. I happened to be at his house when he brought them home in a cab. You should have heard Mrs. Mac."

"I should have liked to," said Mary Anne.

"First of all, she said she'd have the fellow taken up who had beguiled the professor into it; next she said she'd pledge them. It ended in the professor making me a present of one and keeping the other."

"And you are going to sport it here!"

"Better here than in London; as a beginning. I thought it a good opportunity to get reconciled to myself in it. I should like to see the professor *there* when he goes out in his."

"They must have taken you for somebody in the train."

"Yes," said Mr. Hunter. "I and an old lady and gentleman had the carriage to ourselves all the way. She evidently took me for a lord; her husband for a card-sharper. But I think I shall like the coat."

Opinions might differ upon it—as did those of the old couple in the train. It was decidedly a handsome coat in itself and had probably cost as much as the professor gave for it; but, taken in conjunction with its oddity, some might not have elected to be seen wearing it. Mr. Hunter had brought no other; his last year's coat was much worn, and he had been about to get another when this came in his way.

"And what about Susan?" Miss Thornycroft asked.

"Susan is in Yorkshire. Her aunt—to whom she was left when my mother died—was taken ill, and sent for her. I do not suppose Susan will return to London."

"Not at all?"

Mr. Hunter thought not.

"It would be scarcely worth while; she was to have gone home in March."

Thus talking, they reached the Red Court Farm. When its inmates saw him arrive, his portmanteau carried behind by a porter, they were thunderstruck. Mr. Thornycroft scarcely knew which to stare at most, him or his coat. Mary Anne introduced him with characteristic equanimity. Richard vouchsafed no greeting in his stern displeasure, but the justice, a gentleman at heart, hospitably inclined always, could do no less than bid him welcome. Cyril, quiet and courteous, shook hands with him; and later, when Isaac came in, he grasped his hand warmly.

There is no doubt that the learning he was a connection of Anna Chester's (it could not be called a relative) tended to smooth matters. As the day passed on, Mr. Hunter grew upon their liking; for his own sake he proved to be an agreeable companion; and even Richard fell into civility—an active, free, pleasant-mannered young fellow, as the justice called him, who made himself at home in-doors and out.

Never, since the bygone days at Katterley, had Robert Hunter deserved the character; but in this brief holiday he could but give himself up to his perfect happiness. He made excursions to Jutpoint; he explored the cliffs; he went in at will to Captain Copp's and the other houses on the heath; he put out to sea with the fishermen in the boats; he talked to the wives in their huts; everybody soon knew Robert Hunter, and especially his coat, which had become the marvel of Coastdown; a few admiring it—a vast many abusing it.

Miss Thornycroft was his frequent companion, and they went out unrestrained. It never appeared to have crossed the mind of Mr. Thornycroft or his sons as being within the bounds of possibility that this struggling young engineer, who was not known to the public repute as an engineer at all, could presume to be thinking of Mary Anne, still less that she could think of him; otherwise they had been more cautious. Anna Chester was out with them sometimes, Cyril on occasion; but they rambled about for the most part alone in the cold and frost, their spirits light as the rarefied air.

The plateau and its superstition had no terror for Mr. Hunter, rather amusement; but that he saw—and saw with surprise—it was a subject of gravity at the Red Court, he might have made fun of it. Mary Anne confessed to him that she did not understand the matter; her brothers were reticent even to discourtesy. That some mystery was at the bottom of it Mr. Hunter could not fail to detect, and was content to bury all allusion to the superstition.

He stood with Miss Thornycroft on the edge of the plateau one bright morning—the brightest they had had. It was the first time he had been so far, for Mary Anne had never gone beyond the railings. Not the slightest fear had she; for the matter of that, nobody else had in daylight; but she knew that her father did not like to see her there. In small things, when they did not cross her own will, the young lady could be obedient.

"I can see how dangerous it would be here on a dark night," observed Robert Hunter in answer to something she had been saying, as he drew a little back from the edge, over which he had been cautiously leaning to take his observations. "Mary Anne! I never in all my life saw a place so convenient for smuggling as that Half-moon below. I daresay it has seen plenty of it."

Before she could make any rejoinder Mr. Kyne came strolling up to them in a brown study, and they shook hands. Robert Hunter had dined with him at the Red Court.

"I was telling Miss Thornycroft that the place below looks as if it had been made for the convenience of smuggling," began Robert Hunter. "Have you much trouble here?"

"No; but I am in hopes of it," was the reply. And it so completely astonished Mr. Hunter, who had spoken in a careless manner, without real meaning, as we all do sometimes, that he turned sharply round and looked at the supervisor.

"I thought the days of smuggling were over."

"Not yet, here—so far as I believe," replied Mr. Kyne. "We have information that smuggling to an extent is carried on somewhere on this coast, and this is the most likely spot for it that I can discover. I heard of this suspicion soon after I was appointed to Coastdown, and so kept my eyes open; but never, in spite of my precautions, have I succeeded in dropping on the wretches. I don't speak of paltry packets of tobacco and sausage-skins of brandy, which the fishermen, boarding strange craft, contrive to stow about their ribs, but of more serious cargoes. I would almost stake my life that not a mile distant from this place there lies hidden a ton-load of lace, rich and costly as ever flourished at the Court of St. James."*

Robert Hunter thought the story sounded about as likely as that of the ghost. The incredulous, amused light in his eye caused Mary Anne to laugh.

"Where can it be hidden?" she asked of the supervisor. "There's no place."

"I wish I could tell you where, Miss Thornycroft."

Anything but inclined to laugh did he appear himself. The fact was, Mr. Kyne was growing more fully confirmed in his opinion day by day, and had come out this morning determined to do something. Circumstances were occurring to baffle all his precautions, and he felt savage. His policy hitherto had been secrecy, henceforth he meant to speak of the matter openly, and see what that would do. It was very singular—noted hereafter—that Robert Hunter and this young lady should have been the first who fell in his way after the resolution to speak was taken. But no doubt the remark with which Mr. Hunter greeted him surprised him into it.

"But surely you do not think, Mr. Kyne, that boat-loads of lace are really run in here!" exclaimed Robert Hunter.

"I do think it. If not in this precise spot,"—pointing with his finger to the Half-moon beach underneath—"somewhere close to it. There's only one thing staggers me—if they run their cargoes there, where can they stow it away? I have walked about there"—advancing to the edge cautiously and looking down—"from the time the tide went off the narrow path, leading to it round the rocks, until it came in again, puzzling over the problem, and peering with every eye I had."

"Peering?"

"Yes. We have heard of caves and other hiding-places being concealed in rocks," added the supervisor, doggedly; "why not in these? I cannot put it out of my head that there's something of the sort here; it's getting as bad to me as a haunting dream.',

"It would be charming to find it!" exclaimed Mary Anne. "A cave in the rocks! Ah, Mr. Kyne, it is too good to be true. We shall never have so romantic a discovery at Coastdown."

*This was just before the late alteration in the Customs' import laws when the duty on lace and other light articles was large; making the smuggling of them into England a clever and enormously profitable achievement, when it could be accomplished with impunity.

TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

A recent traveller says:—"The bullock gurry belongs to the days when earth was young—the days of the Vedas or Mahabharata. It is a square wooden box or caravan, drawn by two bullocks, and holding six ordinary human beings. We were told that the bullocks often proved as good trotters as horses; and we did see in other parts of India splendid creatures, who seemed to combine greatness and *go*. But our bullocks were either lost in abstraction—dead to all arguments or impressions from without, or were the temporary dwelling of some wretch who was undergoing transmigration on account of laziness, and, proceeding from bad to worse, was getting ready to be transferred to a tortoise. The dark mummy who drove us twisted their tails, plied them with his stick, and shouted to them in the vernacular. The chaplain got hoarse with his exhortations. But no power could force them beyond a slow, easy walk along the smooth old Government road, and even here two miles an hour was so severe a trial for them that they once lay down to rest and to chew their cud."

"If such a thing were there, I should think you would have no difficulty in discovering it," said Mr. Hunter.

"I have found it difficult," returned Mr. Kyne, snappishly, as if certain remembrances connected with the non-finding did not soothe him. "There's only one thing keeps me from reporting the suspicions at headquarters."

"And that is—?"

"The doubt that it may turn out nothing after all."

"Oh, then, you are not so sure; you have no sufficient grounds to go upon," quickly rejoined Mr. Hunter, with a smile that nettled the other.

"Yes, I have grounds," he returned, somewhat incautiously, perhaps, in his haste to vindicate himself. "We had information a short time back," he continued after a pause, as he dropped his voice to a low key, "that a boat-load of something—*my* belief is, it's lace—was waiting to come in. Every night for a fortnight, in the dark age of the moon, did I haunt this naked plateau on the watch, one man with me, others being within call. A very agreeable task it was, lying *perdu* on its edge, with my cold face just extended beyond!"

"And what was the result?" eagerly asked Mr. Hunter, who was growing interested in the narrative.

"Nothing was the result. I never saw the ghost of a smuggler or a boat approach the place. And the very first night I was off the watch, I have reason to believe the job was done."

"Which night was that?" inquired Miss Thornycroft.

"This day week, when I was dining at the Red Court. I had told my men to be on the look-out; but I had certainly told them in a careless sort of way, for the moon was bright again, and who was to suspect that they would risk it on a light night? They are bold sinners."

The customs officer was so earnest, putting, as was evident, so much faith in his own suspicions, that Robert Hunter insensibly began to go over to his belief. Why should cargoes of lace, and other valuable articles, not be run? he asked himself. They bore enough duty to tempt the risk, as they had borne it in the days gone by.

"How was it your men were so negligent?" he inquired.

"There's the devil of it!" cried the supervisor. "I beg your pardon, young lady; wrong words slip out inadvertently when one's vexed. My careless orders made the men careless, and they sat boozing at the Mermaid. Young Mr. Thornycroft, it seems, happened to go in, saw them sitting there with some of his farm-laborers, and, in a generous fit, ordered them to call for what drink they liked. They had red eyes and shaky hands the next morning."

"How stupid of my brother!" exclaimed Mary Anne. "Was it Richard or Isaac?"

"I don't know. But all your family are too liberal; their purse is longer than their discretion. It is not the first time, by many, they have treated my fellows. I wish they would not do so."

There was a slight pause. Mr. Kyne resumed in a sort of halting tone, as if the words came from him in spite of his better judgment.

"The greatest obstacle I have to contend with in keeping the men to their duty on the plateau here, is the superstition connected with it. When a fellow *is* got on at night, the slightest movement—a night-bird flying overhead—will send him off again. Ah! *they* don't want pressing to stay drinking at the Mermaid or anywhere else. The fact is, Coastdown has not been kept to its duty for a long while. My predecessor was good-hearted and easy, and the men did as they liked."

"How many men do you count here?"

"Only three or four, and they can't be available altogether; they must have some rest, turn on, turn off. There's a longish strip of coast to pace, too; the plateau's but a fleabite of it."

"And your theory is that the smugglers run their boats below here?" continued Robert Hunter, indicating the Half-moon beach.

"I think they do—that is, if they run them anywhere," replied Mr. Kyne, who was in a state of miserable doubt, between his firm convictions and the improbabilities they involved. "You see, there is nowhere else that privateer boats can be run to. There's no possibility of such a thing higher up, beyond that point to the right, and it would be nearly as impossible for them to land a cargo of contraband goods beyond the left point, in the face of all the villagers."

There was a silence. All three were looking below at the scrap of beach over the sharp edges of the jutting rocks, Miss Thornycroft held safe by Mr. Hunter. She broke it.

"But as you observe, Mr. Kyne, where could they stow a cargo there, allowing that they landed one? There is certainly no opening or place for concealment in those hard, bare rocks, or it would have been discovered long ago. Another thing—suppose for a moment that they do get a cargo stowed away somewhere in the rocks, how are they to get it out again? There would be equal danger of discovery."

"So there would," replied Mr. Kyne. "I have thought of all these things myself till my head is muddled."

"Did you ever read Cooper's novels, Mr. Kyne?" resumed Miss Thornycroft. "Some of them would give you a vast deal of insight into these sort of transactions."

"No," replied the officer, with an amused look. "I prefer to get my insight from practice. I am pretty sharp-sighted," he added with complacency.

Robert Hunter had been weighing possibilities in his mind, and woke up as from sudden thought, turning to the supervisor.

"I should like to go down there and have a look at these rocks. My profession has taken me much amidst such places: perhaps my experience could assist you."

"Let us walk there now!" exclaimed the supervisor, seizing at the idea—"if not taking you out of your way, Miss Thornycroft."

"Oh, I should be delighted," was the young lady's reply. "I call it quite an adventure. Some fine moonlight night I shall come and watch here myself, Mr. Kyne."

"They don't do their work on a moonlight night. At least," he hastened to correct himself, with a somewhat crestfallen expression, "not usually. But after what happened recently, I shall mistrust a light night as much as a dark one."

"Are you sure," she inquired, standing yet within them on the plateau, "that a cargo was really landed on the night you speak of?"

"I am not sure; but I have cause to suspect it."

"It must be an adventurous life," she remarked, "bearing its charms, no doubt."

"They had better not get caught," was the officer's rejoinder, delivered with professional gusto; "they would not find it so charming then."

"I thought the days of smuggling were over," observed Mr. Hunter: "except the more legitimate way of doing it through the very eyes and nose of the custom-house. Did you know anything personally of the great custom-house frauds, as they were called, when so many officers and merchants were implicated some years ago?"

"I did. I held a subordinate post in the London office then, and was in the thick of the discoveries."

"You were not one of the implicated?" jestingly demanded Mr. Hunter.

"Why, no—or you would not see me here now. I was not sufficiently high in the service for it."

"Or else you might have been?"

"That's a home question," laughed Mr. Kyne. "I really cannot answer for what might have been. My betters were tempted to be."

He spoke without a cloud on his face; a different man now, from the one who had betrayed his family's past trouble to Justice Thornycroft. Not to this rising young engineer, attired in his fantastic coat, which the supervisor always believed must be the very height of *ton* and fashion in London; not to this handsome, careless, light-hearted girl, would he suffer aught of that past to escape. He could joke with *them* of the custom-house frauds, which had driven so many into exile, and *me*—at least, as he believed—to death. On the whole, it was somewhat singular that the topic should have been again started. Miss Thornycroft took up the thread with a laugh.

"There, Mr. Kyne! You acknowledge that your custom-house gentlemen are not proof against temptation, and yet you boast of looking so sharply after these wretched fishermen!"

"If the game he carried on here as I suspect, Miss Thornycroft, it is not wretched fishermen who have to do with it; except, perhaps, as subordinates."

"Let us go and explore the Half-moon beach below," again said Robert Hunter. Mr. Kyne turned to it at once: he had been waiting to do so. The engineer's experience might be valuable. He had had somewhat to do with rocks and land.

It was a short walk, as they made their way down to the village, and thence to the narrow path winding round the projection of rock. The tide was out, so they skirted round it with dry feet, and ascended to the Half-moon beach. They paced about from one end of the place to the other, looking and talking. Nothing was to be seen; nothing; no opening, or sign of opening. The engineer had an umbrella in his hand, and he struck the rocks repeatedly: in one part in particular, it was just the middle of the Half-moon, he struck and struck, and returned to strike again.

"What do you find?" inquired Mr. Kyne.

"Not much. Only it sounds hollow just here."

They looked again: they stooped down and looked; they stood upon a loose stone and raised themselves to look; they pushed and struck at the part with all their might and main. No, nothing came of it.

"Did you ever see a more convenient spot for working the game?" cried the supervisor. "Look at those embedded stones down there, rising from the lower beach: the very things to moor a boat to."

"Who do you suspect does this contraband business?" inquired Robert Hunter.

"My suspicions don't fall particularly upon any one. There are no parties in the neighborhood whom one could suspect, except the boatmen, and if the trade is pushed in the extensive way I think, they are not the guilty men. A week ago (more or less) they ran, as I tell you, one cargo; I know they did; and may I be shot this moment, if they are not ready to run another! That's a paying game, I hope."

Ready to run another! The pulses of Mr. Kyne's hearers ran riot with excitement. This spice of adventure was intensely charming.

"How do you know they are?" asked Robert Hunter.

"By two or three signs. One of them, which I have no objection to mention, is, that a certain queer craft is fond of cruising about here. Whenever I catch sight of her ugly sides, I know it bodes no good for her majesty's revenue. She carries plausible colors, the hussey—and has, I doubt not, a double bottom, false as her colors. I saw her stern, shooting off at daybreak this morning, and should like to have had the overhauling of her."

"Can you not?"

"No. She is apparently on legitimate business."

"I thought that her majesty could search any vessel, legitimate or illegitimate."

Again Mr. Kyne looked slightly crestfallen.

"I boarded her with my men the last time she was here, and nothing came of it. She happened by ill-luck to be really empty, or we were not clever enough to unearth the fox."

The reminiscence was not agreeable to Mr. Kyne. The empty vessel had staggered him professionally; the reception he met with insulted him personally. Until the search was over, the captain, a round, broad Dutchman, had been civil, affording every facility to the revenue officers; but the instant the work was done, he ordered them out of the ship in his bad English, and promised a different reception if they ever came on it again. That was not all. The mate, another Dutchman, was handling a loaded pistol the whole time on full cock, and staring at the superintendent in a very strange manner. Altogether the remembrance was unpleasant.

The tide was coming up, and they had to quit the strip of beach while the road was open. Mr. Kyne wished them good morning and departed on his way. Robert Hunter turned towards the plateau again, which surprised Miss Thornycroft.

"Just for a minute or two," he urged.

They ascended it, and stood on the brow as before, Robert Hunter in deep thought. His face, now turned to the sea, now to the land, wore a business-like expression.

"We are now standing exactly above the middle of the rocks on the Half-moon beach below," he remarked presently, "just where they had a hollow sound."

"Yes," she replied.

"And the Red Court, as you see, lies off in a straight line. It is a good thing your father lives there, Mary Anne."

"Why?"

"Because if suspicious persons inhabited it, I should say that house might have something to do with the mystery. If Kyne's conclusions are right—that smuggled goods are landed on the beach below, they must be stowed away in the rocks; although the ingress is hidden from the uninitiated. Should this be really the case, depend upon it there is some passage, some communication, in these rocks to an egress inland."

"But what has that to do with our house?" inquired Mary Anne, wonderingly.

"These old castles, lying contiguous to the coast, are sure to have subterranean passages underneath, leading to the sea. Many an escape has been made that way in time of war, and many an ill-fated prisoner has been so conducted to the waves, and put out of sight for ever. Were I your father, I would institute a search. He might come upon the hoarding-place of the smugglers."

"But the smugglers cannot get to their caverns and passages through our house?"

"Of course not. There must be some other opening. How I should like to drop upon the lads!"

Mr. Hunter spoke with animation. Such a discovery presented a tempting prospect, and he walked across the plateau as one who has got a new feather stuck in his cap. In passing the Round Tower, he turned aside to it, and stepped in through the opening. He found nothing there that could be converted into suspicion by the most lively imagination. The worn grass beneath the feet was all genuine; the circular wall, crumbling away, had stood for ages. Satisfied, so far, they crossed the railings on their way home.

Mr. Thornycroft was in the dining-room writing a note; Richard, who had apparently just stepped in to ask a question, held a gun; Cyril lay back in an easy-chair, reading. When Mary Anne and their gentleman guest burst in upon them with eager excitement, the one out-talking the other, it was rather startling.

"Such an adventure! Papa, did you know we probably have smugglers on the coast here?"

"Have you ever explored underneath your house, sir, under the old ruins of the castle? There may be a chain of subterranean passages and vaults conducting from here to the sea."

"Not common smugglers, papa, the poor tobacco-and-brandy sailors, but people in an extensive way. Boat-loads of lace they land."

"If it be as the man suspects, there may be often a rare booty there. There may be one at this very moment; I would lay any money there is," added Robert Hunter, improving upon the idea in his excitement. "Mr. Richard, will you bet a crown with me?"

The words had been poured forth so rapidly by both, that it would seem their hearers were powerless to interrupt. Yet the effect they produced was great. Cyril started upright, and let his book drop on his knees; Mr. Thornycroft pushed his glasses to the top of his brow, an angry paleness giving place to his healthy, rosy color; while Richard, more demonstrative, dashed the gun on the carpet and broke into an ugly oath. The justice was the first to find his tongue.

"What absurd treason are you talking now? You are mad, Mary Anne."

"It is not treason at all, sir," replied Mr. Hunter, regarding Richard with surprise. "It is a pretty well ascertained fact that contraband goods are landed and housed in the rocks at the Half-moon. It will be loyalty, instead of treason, if we can contrive to lay a trap and catch the traitors."

Richard Thornycroft moved forward as if to strike the impetuous speaker. It would seem that one of the fits of passion he was liable to was coming on. Cyril, calm and cool, placed himself across his brother's path.

"Be quiet, Richard," he said, in a tone that savored of authority; "stay you still. Where did you pick up this cock-and-bull story?" he demanded with light mockery of Robert Hunter.

"We had it from the supervisor. He has suspected ever since he came, he says, that this station was favored by smuggling—and now he is sure of it. One cargo they landed a few days ago; and there's another dodging off the coast, waiting to come in. He intends to drop upon that."

"It is a made-up lie!" foamed Richard. "The fellow talks so to show his zeal. I'll tell him so. Smuggled goods landed here!"

"Well, lie or no lie, you need not fly in a passion over it," said Mary Anne. "It is not our affair."

"Then, if it is not our affair, what business have you interfering in it?" retorted Richard. "Interpose your authority, sir, and forbid her to concern herself with men's work," he added, turning sharply to his father. "No woman would do it who retains any sense of shame."

"Miss Thornycroft has done nothing unbecoming a lady," exclaimed Mr. Hunter, in a tone of wonder. "You forget that you are speaking to your sister, Mr. Richard. What can you mean?"

"Oh, he means nothing," said Mary Anne, "only he lets his temper get the better of his tongue. One would think, Richard, you had something to do with the smugglers, by your talking it up in this way," she pursued, in a spirit of aggravation. "And, indeed, it *was* partly your fault that they got their last cargo in."

"Explain yourself," said Cyril to his sister, pushing his arm before Richard's mouth.

"It was a night when we had a dinner-party here," she pursued. "Mr. Kyne was here; the only night he had been off the watch for a fortnight, he says. But he left orders with his men to look out, and Richard got treating them to drink at the Mermaid, and they never looked. So the coast was clear, and the smugglers got their goods in."

Cyril burst into a pleasant laugh.

"Ah, ha!" said he, "new brooms sweep clean. Mr. Superintendent Kyne is a fresh hand down here, so he thinks he must trumpet forth his fame as a keen officer—that he may be all the more negligent by-and-bye, you know. None but a stranger, as you are, Mr. Hunter, could have given ear to it."

"I have given both ear and belief," replied Robert Hunter, firmly; "and I have offered Mr. Kyne the benefit of my engineering experience to help him discover whether there is or is not a secret opening in the rocks."

"You have!" exclaimed Justice Thornycroft. He glared on Robert Hunter as he asked the question. From quite the first until now he had been bending over his note, leaving the discussion to them.

"To be sure I have, sir. I have been with him now, on the Half-moon, sounding them; but I had only an umbrella, and that was of little use. We are going to-morrow better prepared. It strikes me the mystery lies right in the middle. It sounds hollow there. I will do all I can to help him, that the fellows may be brought to punishment."

"Sir!" cried the old justice, in a voice of thunder, rising and sternly confronting Robert Hunter, "I forbid it. Do you understand? *I forbid it.* None under my roof shall take act or part in this."

"But justice demands it," replied Mr. Hunter, after a pause. "It behooves all loyal subjects of her majesty to aid in discovering the offenders: especially you, sir, a sworn magistrate."

"It behooves me to protect the poor fishermen, who look to me for protection, who have looked to me for it for years; ay, and received it," was the warm reply, "better than it behooves you, sir, to presume to teach me my duty! Richard, leave me to speak. I tell you, sir, I do not believe this concocted story. I am the chief of the place, sir, and I will not believe it. The coast-guard and the fishermen are at variance; always have been; and I will not allow the poor fellows to be traduced and put upon, treated as if they were thieves and rogues. Neither I nor mine shall take part in it; no, nor any man who is under my roof eating the bread of friendliness. I hope you hear me, sir."

Robert Hunter stood confounded. All his golden visions of discoveries, that should make his name famous and put feathers in his cap, were vanishing into air. But the curious part was the justice's behavior; that struck him as being very strange, not to say unreasonable.

"It is not the first time, sir, that the coast-guard have tried it on," pursued Mr. Thornycroft. "When the last superintendent was appointed, Daggerfield, he took something of the sort in his head, and came to me to assist him in an investigation. 'Investigate for yourself,' I said to him. 'I shall not aid you to tarnish the characters of the fishermen.' It may be presumed that his investigation did not come to much," was the ironical conclusion; "since I heard no more about the smugglers from him all the years he was stationed here."

"And you think, sir, that Mr. Kyne is also mistaken?" cried Robert Hunter, veering round.

"What I think, and what I do not think, you may gather from my words," was the haughty reply. "I tell you that no man living under my roof shall encourage by so much as a word, let alone an act, anything of the sort. Mr. Kyne can pursue his own business without us."

"If it were one of my own brothers who did so, I would shoot him dead," said Richard, with a meaning touch at his gun. "So I warn him."

"And commit murder?" echoed Robert Hunter, who did not admire this semi-threat of Richard's.

"It would not be murder, sir; it would be justifiable homicide," interposed the justice, rather to Robert Hunter's surprise. "When I was a young man, a guest abused my father's hospitality. My brother challenged him. They went out with their seconds, and my brother shot him. That was not murder."

"But, papa, that must have been a different thing altogether," said Mary Anne, who had stood transfixed at the turn the conversation was taking. "It—"

"To your room, Miss Thornycroft! To your room, I say!" cried the passionate justice, pushing her from him. "Would *you* beard my authority? Things are coming to a pretty pass."

It was a stormy ending to a stormy interview. Confused and terrified, Mary Anne Thornycroft hastened up-stairs and burst into tears in her chamber. Richard strode away with his gun; Cyril followed him; and the justice bent over his writing, again quietly, as though nothing had happened.

As for Robert Hunter he felt entirely amazed. Of course, putting it as the justice had put it, he felt bound in honor not to interfere further, and would casually tell Mr. Kyne so on the first opportunity, giving no reason why. Pondering over the matter as he strolled out of doors uncomfortably, he came to the conclusion that Mr. Thornycroft must be self-arrogant, both as a magistrate and a man: one of the old-world sort, who jog on from year's end to year's end, seeing no abuses, and utterly refusing to reform them when seen. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ A curious discovery, kept secret for fourteen years, has just come to light at Ravenna. The workmen engaged in digging a canal near the present railroad stations, in 1854, found a skeleton with a breast-plate of fine gold buried face downward. The precious piece of armor which weighed six pounds, was broken up and the pieces secretly sold to jewellers. Two larger pieces, which appear to have been the shoulder bands, and are covered with chasing and enamel, have been given up by a jeweller in Faenza, but the remainder are probably lost. It is known that Theodoric buried the body of Odoacer after his murder at Ravenna, face downward; and that the Italian antiquarians suppose that the golden harness is really that of the first king of Italy.

☞ NAILS IN THE FOOT.—To relieve from the terrible effects of running a nail in the foot of man or horse, take peach leaves, bruise them, apply to the wound, confine with bandage, and the cure is as if by magic. Renew the application twice a day, if necessary, but one application generally does the work. Both man and horse have, in a few hours, when apparently on the point of having the lock-jaw, been cured.

☞ The Earl of Zetland has held the office of Grand Master of the Free Masons of England for twenty-five years.

☞ A unique order to prevent furious driving was that of Sir Charles Napier, in India, in 1842. His order read: "Gentlemen, as well as beggars, may, if they like, ride to the devil when they get on horseback; but neither gentlemen nor beggars have a right to send other people there, which will be the case if furious riding be allowed in camp or beyond."

☞ Men narrow their views in order to see more distinctly, as they go to the bottom of a well to see the stars at noon; but it is a poor exchange to give sunlight to the starlight.

☞ The late John Minor Botts had a signet ring made of filings from the old Independence bell in Philadelphia, and at his death he bequeathed it to General Grant, to whom it has just been duly presented.

☞ A London paper prints in its announcement of births, the following:—"Forbes—at 334 City Road, Islington, on March 16, the wife of Mr. Archibald Forbes, a daughter. Mr. Forbes requests the prayers of his friends and acquaintances in this sore affliction."

Artificial Applause.

There is a curious story told in *Once a Week*, showing how the director of a French provincial theatre managed to have his pieces applauded without incurring the expense of a human *claque*. Some twenty years ago, the director of the theatre of a provincial town, seeing that his actors were never applauded or sustained by any marks of approbation, organized a *claque* to stimulate the spectators. This innovation did not meet with success; the *claqueurs*, hissed and beaten, were obliged to resign the functions the first evening. The manager did not insist, but at the same time did not acknowledge himself beaten. He was endowed with a great perseverance, and above all with a very ingenious imagination; he proved it in this circumstance, for shortly afterwards the public, so calm and cold in appearance, became demonstrative and loud in applause. It was brought about thus:—In conjunction with a machinist, as discreet as he was intelligent, our director organized a mechanical and mysterious *claque*. The reader must imagine several articulated hammers fastened at four different places under the pit floor, and so that they might strike on a string being pulled. The noise produced by these hammers simulated that of a stick. A few yards from the hammers, in the centre of the pit, were placed two instruments which imitated *exactly* the clapping of the hands. They were two large castanets covered with leather; a string pulled the two shells together. The noise of these mechanical clappers penetrated into the theatre through holes placed above them, and distributed under the seats of the spectators. The six cords met in a part of the theatre unknown to all, and were fastened to six strong wooden keys, like those of a piano. One can easily understand the working of the instruments; at certain passages of a piece, indicated beforehand by the director, the machinist placed his finger on one or another of the keys, struck little blows right and left, as people, impatient of applauding, do with their canes. It was only very rarely that the public did not answer this appeal. In this case the machinist set his whole machine at work, and all the approbatory engines mixed themselves with the real applause of the spectators. This ingenious artifice remained always ignored by the victims, and to-day the town is much sought after by traveling actors on account of the good will and readiness to applaud of the spectators.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Wanted—"A Leedle Drunk."

"I wants to get a drunk," said a Teuton the other day to a person he met on the street; "where I gets 'em, hey?"

"Want to get a drunk? Well, I reckon you can get that at any saloon in town, where benzine is sold. There is a place over the way, for instance," pointing to a saloon across the street.

Teuton went across to the saloon. Saloon keeper got out a glass mechanically, with a look that seemed to say, "Well, what is it?"

"Can I get a drunk here 'e wile?"

"Get drunk's you're mind ter, if you only pay for it," was the reply. "Got whiskey I'll warrant to fetch you, if you drink enough of it."

"So nich ver stay. I don't want to get drunk like as ter tifels; I only want to buy von leedle drunk."

"If you only want a little drunk, better go and drink red wine. Don't keep it here—keep stuff for a big drunk—that's all."

"Nein, nein, nein; I want a drunk to geep in mine clothes, to look up mine key up, unt to take me along von der railroad car, travels in me to Ni York all 'e while."

"Oh, you want a trunk? Why didn't you say so in the first place? There is a trunk store over the way, if that's what you want."

"Yah, dat is richt;" and Teuton shot across the street to secure his "leedle drunk."

Duties of Soldiers.

A certain Confederate regiment that served during the war in the Western Department was commanded, until after the battle of Murfreesboro, by a colonel who was a foreigner by birth, but a soldier by choice and education. He never learned to use good English, but he had a short way of expressing himself in impetuous exclamations that was quite as effective in conveying his conclusions as his practised sword was in disabling an adversary. This anecdote is attributed to him: Once, when some general officers were hesitating about making an important but desperate movement, on account of the loss of life it was likely to involve, he, happening to be present, bawled out: "What, kill soldier! What soldier made for? Soldier paid to be killed, by tam!"

At the battle of Murfreesboro, when a certain brigade was ordered forward, on Wednesday, to assist in the attack on the Federal right, the regiment commanded by the foreign officer referred to met with such a furious reception from "the boys of the West," as they prided in calling themselves, that it wavered, and was on the point of falling into confusion, when, it is said, he instantly brought the men to a sense of their duties and responsibilities by dashing madly along the line, brandishing his sabre over their heads, and shouting at the top of his voice: "Go up tah, men! Go up tah! Py tam, *do you want to live always?*"—*Harper's Magazine.*

On Shares.

A correspondent of the Buffalo Express tells the following story:

About the year 1838, a relative of mine, then residing in Michigan, (whom I will call Mr. W.), was the owner of a large flouring mill, and also some forty to seventy-five head of young cattle. One Saturday morning a Mr. H. (a neighbor of his) knocked at the door and inquired for Mr. W. On Mr. W.'s appearing, he stated that he found his crops much better than he expected, and that he would like to take a two-year-old to fat "on halves." The offer was at once accepted, with the permission that Mr. H. should make his own selection from the herd.

On the next Monday morning another knock at the door, and Mr. H. again appeared inquiring for Mr. W. On Mr. W.'s appearance, Mr. H. said: "Mr. W., I found the animal you let me take on shares in such good order that I thought feeding her would be no use, and I have, therefore, killed her, and here is your half. I thought it was about fair that I should have the hide and tallow for the trouble of killing her."

The joke appeared to Mr. W. too good to spare, and he received his half without comment.

Invited to his Wife's Wedding.

A day or two ago a letter directed to the "Postmaster, Buffalo, New York," bearing the signature, "Your friend," was received at the office in this city. The latter was mailed at Winchenden, Mass., and was in the words following, to wit:

"Mr. A—— B——: Your wife is soon to be married. If you wish to come to her wedding, come soon."

And then followed—on the reverse—the following request:

"Please to hand this to B—— if he can be found in the place. He is a machinist by trade."

We do not know where to find B—— just now; but would say to him that the least he could possibly do, under the circumstances, would be to accept the invitation, and attend the nuptials. If a man won't accept an invitation to his own wife's wedding, we'd like to know what he would accept. According to our way of thinking, it is the best thing he could possibly do.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

A New Marriage Ceremony.

Upon the authority of a Paris correspondent the following is the latest marriage ceremony: Priest to the bridegroom, aged 60, "Do you marry this woman under any delusion?" "No." "Are you bald?"—"Yes." "Any teeth?" "No." "Do you wear flannel?" "Yes." "You believe in rheumatism and have faith in gout?" "Yes." "You are utterly bored and incapable of being amused?" "Yes." "You care for nobody but yourself?" "Certainly not." "Not for your bride?" "Naturally not." "Very good; then you two are united in the name of the law. Make her happy."

A Good Shot.—A gentleman remarking in a tavern that he had shot a hawk at ninety yards with No. 6 shot, another replied:

"Must have a good gun, but Uncle Dave here has one that beats it."

"Ah!" said the first, "how far will it kill a hawk with No. 6 shot?"

"I don't use shot or ball either," answered Uncle Dave himself.

"Then what do you use, Uncle Dave?"

"I shoot salt altogether. I kill my game so far with my gun that the game would spile before I could get it."

ON THE BALTIMORE CENTRAL.

Irascible Passenger.—What station is this?

Brakesman.—Y, sir.

Irascible Passenger.—"Why?" Because I want to know, you impudent—

[Train fortunately moves on.]

Living at San Francisco.

By Samuel Bowles.

But it is at San Francisco that we shall linger and take in the essence of California life, and cast the future of California's wealth. First we shall go to the Occidental, Cosmopolitan, Russ, or Lick Hotel, and live at three dollars a day—specie, mind you, now—as well as at the Tremont or Fifth Avenue. Perhaps we shall have a mind to try that "peculiar institution" of the city, the "What Cheer House," where meals and lodging are fifty cents each, with a library and museums of natural history and mineralogy thrown in. We shall certainly want to test the French restaurants, where, at sharp six and at a private table, we may have for a dollar and a half as good a dinner of four or five courses, wine included, as Parker or Delmonico would give for a five-dollar bill.

The abundance of fruit will have amazed us, as we come down from the mountains; but still the wonder grows at the city fruit-stands,—Sweetwater and Black Hamburgh and Muscat grapes at from five to twelve cents a pound, and poorer qualities at half the price; strawberries the season through; peaches and pears, more fair and luscious and larger than our senses were ever accustomed to; fresh figs, oranges, limes, and bananas, all cheap, and in such abundance on the hotel tables and in the streets, as to make a fruit-famished New-Englander rub his eyes and prick his flesh, to assure himself that he is not in a fairy-land dream. Then the more solid provisions! Here is flour at half the price that it bears in the East, and vegetables of every kind,—Spring, Summer, and Fall varieties,—all at once in fullest perfection. Here are fresh salmon, twelve months in the year, at from ten to twenty cents a pound, and smelts at eight cents, and fresh cod, bass, shrimps, anchovies, soles, even herrings,—every luxury of the sea; and game as various, and at prices that shame our Eastern markets. The materials for living are as plentiful here as the art of their preparation is perfect; and it will not take the thrifty mind long to calculate that, so far as food is concerned, a family can be supported more cheaply in San Francisco than in New York or Boston. The rates quoted are of course specie; but wages and profits are also in specie, and are higher, generally, than currency wages and profits in Eastern cities.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Columbus and the Savans.

This interview was to the enthusiastic adventurer an hour of intense yet solemn exaltation. Deeming himself the Heaven-chosen instrument for the most important of earthly enterprises, even the splendors of royalty could not dazzle him. The King, shrewd, sagacious, and ambitious, was excited by the idea of discoveries and acquisitions which would place Spain in the foreground of all the nations. With characteristic caution he declined forming any judgment himself, but appointed a council of the most learned astronomers and cosmographers of the kingdom to hold an interview with Columbus, carefully to examine his plan and report their opinion. The conference was held in a large hall in the old convent of St. Stephens, at Salamanca. The assembly, convened by royal missives, was imposing in numbers and in dignity. Exalted functionaries of the Church, professors in the universities, and statesmen of high rank, presented an array which must have overawed any plain man of ordinary capacity. Columbus, a simple mariner, with unaffected majesty of demeanor and of utterance, and with every fibre of his soul vibrating in the intensity of his zeal, presented himself before his examiners, sanguine of success. But he soon found, to his extreme chagrin, that learned men may be full of prejudice and bigotry. His statements were assailed with citations from the prophets and the Psalms, and with extracts from the religious writings of the Catholic fathers. The declaration that the earth was round was declared to be absurd.

"What;" exclaimed several of these sages of the fifteenth century, "can any one be so foolish as to believe that the world is round, and that there are people upon the side opposite to ours, who walk with their heels upward and their heads hanging down, like flies clinging to the ceiling! That there is a part of the world where the trees grow with their branches hanging downward, and where it rains, hails, and snows upward!"

But the doctrine of Columbus was stigmatized not only as absurd, but also as heretical, since to maintain that there were inhabitants in those distant lands would be an impeachment of the Bible, as it was deemed impossible that any descendants of Adam could have wandered so far. Others, in the pride of philosophy, with great complacency urged the philosophical objection that, admitting the world to be round, should a ship ever succeed in reaching the other side it could never return, since no conceivable strength of wind could force a ship up the mountainous rotundity of the globe.—*J. S. C. Abbott, in Harper's Magazine.*

Globular Lightning.

Sometimes the aspect of globular lightning is so peaceful, so honest, that one might be tempted to treat it lightly or with a kind of bold familiarity.

On the 10th of September, 1845, a ball of lightning presented itself at the threshold of a kitchen situated in the village of Salagnac, in the valley of La Correze. Three women who were there experienced no fear in presence of the strange visitor. They shouted to a young man, near to whose feet the ball was rolling, to step upon it and extinguish it.

Luckily for him this peasant had been to Paris, and had been electrified one day on the Champs Elysees for two sous. He had learned to respect the mysterious fluid and its shocks; in spite of the imprudent exhortation of the girls, he allowed the ball to pass by. It was fortunate indeed that he did so, for a few seconds later the treacherous sphere exploded violently in a neighboring stable. It killed a pig which happened to be shut up there and which, knowing nothing about the wonders of thunder and lightning, dared to smell it in a most rude and unbecoming manner.—"*Thunder and Lightning*" *by De Fonvielle.*

☞ Divorce is lively in Connecticut. Forty-four unhappy couples in Hartford county alone apply for separation.

AGRICULTURAL.

Man and Land.

We hold that every adult rational human being should, if not already a land-owner, become one at an early day; not because all men should be farmers, or even gardeners, but because land, owned and paid for, is the surest barrier yet devised against the evil day that *may* come to any one, and, sooner or later, comes to nearly all. Scarcely one in a hundred of the forehanded can truly say, "I am secure against a reverse of fortune;" no amount of money, or stocks, or mortgages is an absolute safeguard against disaster and consequent want; but the thrifty, wealthy, busy citizen who has bought a snug homestead and had it properly deeded to his wife, and another, if he be able, to his child or children, has laid an anchor to windward which will enable him to ride out almost any tempest of ill-fortune.

We urge every one who has means to secure a homestead, even though it be nothing but a log-cabin and garden-patch, or a few acres of primitive forest. Buy a city lot, if you will; buy an acre in the outskirts of some thriving village; buy a piece of an old Southern plantation, a quarter section of Western prairie, or a nook among the Alleghanies; buy in Wisconsin, in Missouri, in Carolina, in Tennessee, or Arkansas, as you see fit; but, if you have a few hundred dollars that you can spare, let not 1869 pass away without seeing you the owner of at least a fraction of the surface of Mother Earth. Speculations may promise far larger returns; business may be ever so inviting; but nothing is so sure to afford a refuge in the day of adversity as the purchase of land for a Home.

Business is likely to be dull and hazardous for the next three or four years. A majority seem bent—in our view, madly bent—on gradual approaches to resumption, instead of taking the plunge at once and being done with it. This involves lower prices, slower sales, dull trade—in short, hard times. We shall probably import less, trade less, spend less, *make* less in the three years next ensuing than in the three last. Old and respectable houses will fail; clerks and other employes will be thrown out of business; mechanics may have less work than they have had; changes unwelcome to all, but bearing especially hard on our densely peopled cities. Happy they who shall be able if thrown out of business in cities, to rally on their own humble homes!

We believe in productive industry; we believe it safe for any man, and best for most men to engage in it; we believe the farmer's vocation happiest and best for at least three-fourths of the human family. We wish one-half those who are trying to live by traffic, or office, or speculation, would resolve forthwith to be farmers or gardeners; we are sure they would do better, and their children be the wealthier and happier for it. We regard the soil of this country as, in the average, the cheapest property that sells for money on earth; we wish there were twice as many owners of it, with a large increase of improvers and cultivators. The most that we can do toward effecting this is to exhort every one who can do so without running into debt, to secure forthwith a plot of ground for his future home.—*Horace Greeley.*

Important Questions.

We find some important questions asked and answered as follows in the N. Y. Evening Post. The answers are perhaps as good as can be given, and the suggestions at least worth trying:—

1. What is the best way to construct a garden cesspool or privy, which shall combine the advantages of being not too expensive, easily kept clean, and easily emptied?

2. Would it be feasible to convey the waste liquid from the kitchen drain into such a receptacle, so as to utilize it, or in what better way could such valuable material be utilized for garden purposes?

I have consulted nearly a dozen books on Rural Architecture and kindred subjects, without meeting the first word on these simple yet all-important matters.

1. The best way is not to construct a cesspool at all. All such affairs are an abomination, and recent investigations point to them as the cause of more typhoid fever and dysentery in villages and country houses than all other agencies combined. Partly by the foul exhalations from them, but mainly by their contamination of the water of wells, they have sadly earned the edict of extermination which now awaits them.

The earth closet offers entire relief from all of the objections to the cesspool system, is very manageable, inexpensive, and in all respects satisfactory. In saying this we do not refer especially to the patented machinery of the Earth Closet Company. As a matter of *convenience* that is desirable, but the full benefit of the dry earth system may be enjoyed by the poorest cottager, without let or hindrance from any one. All that is really necessary is to have a water-tight receptacle (either a strong box, pitched on the inside, a barrel, or a brick or stone vault, cemented or asphalted on the sides and bottom, so as not to break) under the seat, and a box of dry earth, with a small scoop beside it. If the receptacle is either movable or conveniently accessible, its contents can be taken out at any time. If wanted as manure they are of great value; if not, they are in all respects as inoffensive as coal ashes, and may be stored anywhere under cover until dry enough to be used again, and their perfectly effective use may be repeated time and again until they are worth, pound for pound, as much as the best bone dust. Those who desire something requiring even less attention than this, may procure the necessary machinery for a trifling cost.

2. The disposal of kitchen waste is not so simple a matter in our climate, though; but when the ground is not deeply frozen, the system of Mr. Moule (the inventor of the earth closet) is very satisfactory. He connects the kitchen waste pipe (having a strainer to prevent the passage of solid matters) with a series of lines of common draining tiles, laid barely out of the spade's reach, at narrow intervals—say six feet—in the garden. The liquids pass into these tiles and escape into the ground at the joints, which are always open enough for the purpose, and they produce a fabulous fertility of the ground, while they remain, from the first, entirely inodorous and unobjectionable. In winter such liquids may be filtered through a hogshead or a large tank filled to within a foot of the top with common garden mould, and provided with suitable drainage at the bottom. To prevent freezing, the vessel should be filled, above the earth, with very coarse horse manure, which should receive additions from time to time, as it settles or becomes coated with the blue scum of the waste. The writer has experimented in this way with the kitchen waste of a family of five persons since November 1st with the most satisfactory results, and hopes to find that the contents of the hogshead have been converted into a most valuable manure.

An Old Horse.—I say that an old and faithful horse who has toiled for you and your children, through heat and through cold, through wet and through dry, by day and by night in uncomplaining promptness and fidelity, should never be put aside as heartlessly as very good men and women get rid of those they get tired of, or whose services are not just what they want. Cloak a disagreeable thing with courtesy—the courtesy with manly frankness, at least, and with the wound will go the balm.—*Rev. J. F. W. Ware.*

This new fabric plant of the South, Ramie, has a fibre as long and as strong as flax, it is as white and as fine as cotton, and as glossy as silk, while it needs less cultivation than either, and bears three crops a year. It is not injured by insects, and it sells for double the price of cotton.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

RECEIPTS.

To Preserve Strawberries.—To two pounds of fine large strawberries, add two pounds of powdered sugar, and put them in a preserving kettle, over a slow fire until the sugar is melted; then boil them precisely twenty minutes, as fast as possible; have ready a number of *small* jars, and put the fruit in boiling hot. Cork and seal the jars immediately, and keep them through the summer in a cold, dry cellar. The jars must be heated before the hot fruit is poured in, otherwise they will break.

Raspberry Jam.—Weigh the fruit, and add three-quarters of the weight of sugar; put the former into a preserving-pan, boil, and break it; stir constantly, and let it boil very quickly; when the juice has boiled an hour, add the sugar and simmer half an hour. In this way the jam is superior in color and flavor to that which is made by putting the sugar in first.

Gingerbread for Delicate People.—One pound of oatmeal, half a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar (moist), half a pound of treacle. The three last-named ingredients must be put in a pan and left to boil a few minutes, taking care they do not burn; pour the mixture over the flour and meal, and mix very well together, adding a good quantity of ginger. It is the best plan not to bake it until the following day, as it gives the meal time to swell. Roll it out the thickness of your finger, and cut in lengths, and bake in a slow oven. It must be kept in a tin box. The unbleached ginger is best, and the most economical.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 27, 24, 4, 21, 14, 9, 8, is a Roman actor of great celebrity.

My 21, 23, 15, 26, 13, 4, is what most gentlemen use.

My 1, 20, 25, 10, 2, 3, 26, 16, 24, is the name of a county in Illinois.

My 21, 17, 19, 11, 7, is the name of a tree.

My 16, 13, 24, 5, 22, 24, is the name given to a cave.

My 8, 5, 27, 2, 6, 23, 4, is what they have in all cities.

My 1, 20, 4, 21, 24, 10, 8, 14, 25, is one of the United States.

My 4, 14, 10, 16, is what a great many people do.

My 3, 28, 7, 24, 25, is a boy's name.

My 24, 27, 11, 25, 16, 6, 4, is a kind of fruit.

My 16, 25, 9, is the name of an animal.

My 24, 13, 23, 24, 10, is the name of a celebrated hunter.

My whole is the name of a very useful book. NELLIE SQUIRES.

Johnstown, Rock Co., Wis.

Enigma.

I am composed of nine letters.

My 1, 4, 7, are alike.

My 2, 5, 9, are alike.

My 3, 6, are alike.

My 8, is a pronoun.

My whole is an early settlement in Illinois.

J. P. GOSSMAN.

Charade.

Rough plain, or gemm'd, I'm used in many ways,
But most I charm shining in beauty's blaze;
And when her taper fingers touch the lyre,
She sweeps my first along the enchanted wire.
Who loves a lassie gentle, young and fair,
To my sweet second will the maid compare;
For ah! my whole in shining letters white,
Betokens innocence the pure and bright.

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Probability Problem.

A line is drawn at random from the focus of an ellipse to the perimeter. What is the *chance* that its length is greater than the semi-major axis? MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

The front wheel of a carriage makes 6 revolutions more than the hind wheel in going 120 yards; but it is found that if the circumference of each wheel be increased one yard, it will only make 4 revolutions more than the hind wheel in the same distance. Required—the circumference of each wheel. W. H. M.

☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Problem.

Suppose, on a level surface, I would build an equal three-sided triangular vessel, base below and pointed at the top, in the form of a triangular equilateral three-sided pyramid, each side inside measure 24 inches along each of the joining edges; enclosing the *greatest sphere possible therein.* The question of this supposition is: What will be the number of cubical inches remaining empty space in said equilateral triangular pyramid? PERCIVAL JARRETT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the letter E like the next world? Ans.—Because it is the end of time and the beginning of eternity.

☞ Why does the bridegroom always put on the ring at a wedding? Ans.—Because bell (e)s cannot ring themselves.

☞ A Matrimonial Conundrum.—Why is the bridegroom worth more than the bride? Ans.—Because she is given away, and he is often sold.

☞ What is the difference between charity and a tailor? Ans.—The first covers a multitude of sins; the second, a multitude of sinners.

Answers to Last.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—"The sprig of shillalah and shamrock so green." RIDDLE.—Thought.

To Boil a Leg of Lamb.—This is considered a delicate joint in the very first families. It should be put into a pot with cold water just enough to cover it, and very carefully skimmed so long as the least appearance of scum rises.

This joint should not be suffered to boil fast, for on its being gently boiled depends all its goodness, and the delicate white appearance it should have when served up. A leg of four or five pounds weight will take about one hour and a half, reckoning from the time it comes to a boil.

A boiled leg of lamb may be served up with either green peas, or cauliflower, or young French beans, asparagus, or spinach, and potatoes, which for lamb should always be of small size.

Parsely and butter for the joint, and plain melted butter for the vegetables, are the proper sauces for boiled lamb.

To Roast Lamb.—The hind quarter of lamb usually weighs from seven to ten pounds; this size will take about two hours to roast it. Have a brisk fire. It must be very frequently basted while roasting, and sprinkled with a little salt, and dredged all over with flour.

Walnut Ketchup of the Finest Quality.—Boil or simmer a gallon of the expressed juice of walnuts when they are tender, and skim it well; then put in two pounds of anchovies, bones and liquor, ditto of shalots, one ounce of cloves, ditto of mace, ditto of pepper, and one clove of garlic. Let all simmer till the shalots sink; then put the liquor into a pan till cold; bottle and divide the spice to each. Cork closely, tie the bladder over, and put it in small bottles. It will keep twenty years in the greatest perfection, but is not fit for use the first year.

Pickled Eggs.—Boil eggs hard, and then divest them of their shells. Put them in a jar, and pour on them scalding vinegar, flavored with ginger, garlic, white pepper, and allspice. This pickle is capital with cold meat.

Hair-wash.—One ounce powdered borax, half an ounce of powdered camphor, one quart of boiling water. When cool, pour into a bottle for use, and clean the head with it, applying with a flannel or sponge once a week.